# THE METHODIST MAGAZINE

MARCH, 1927

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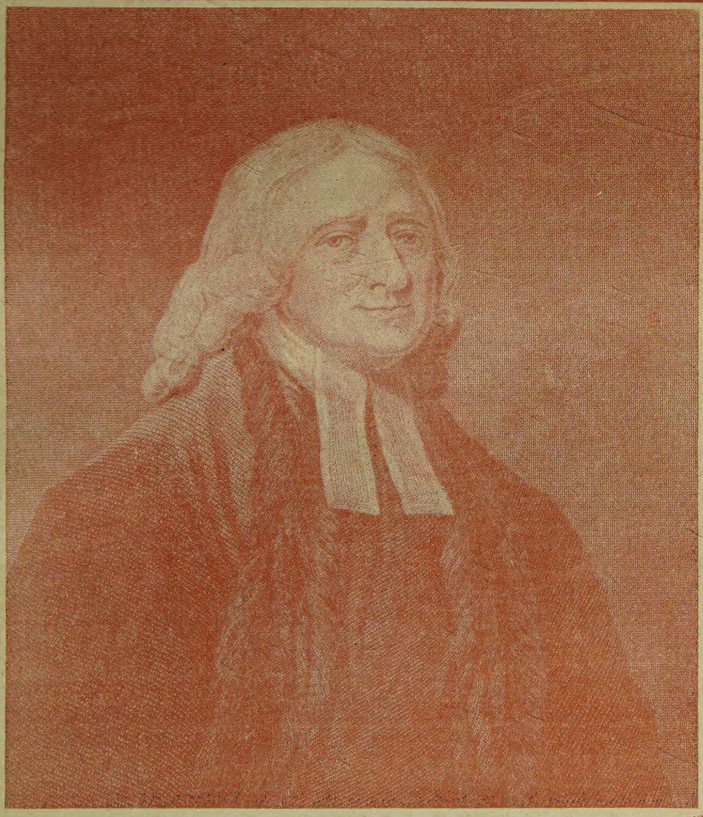

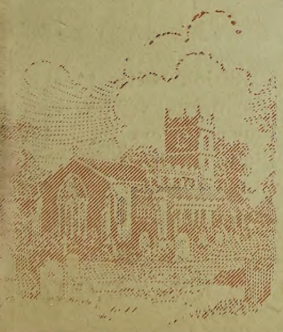

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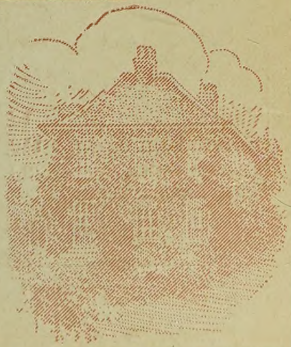

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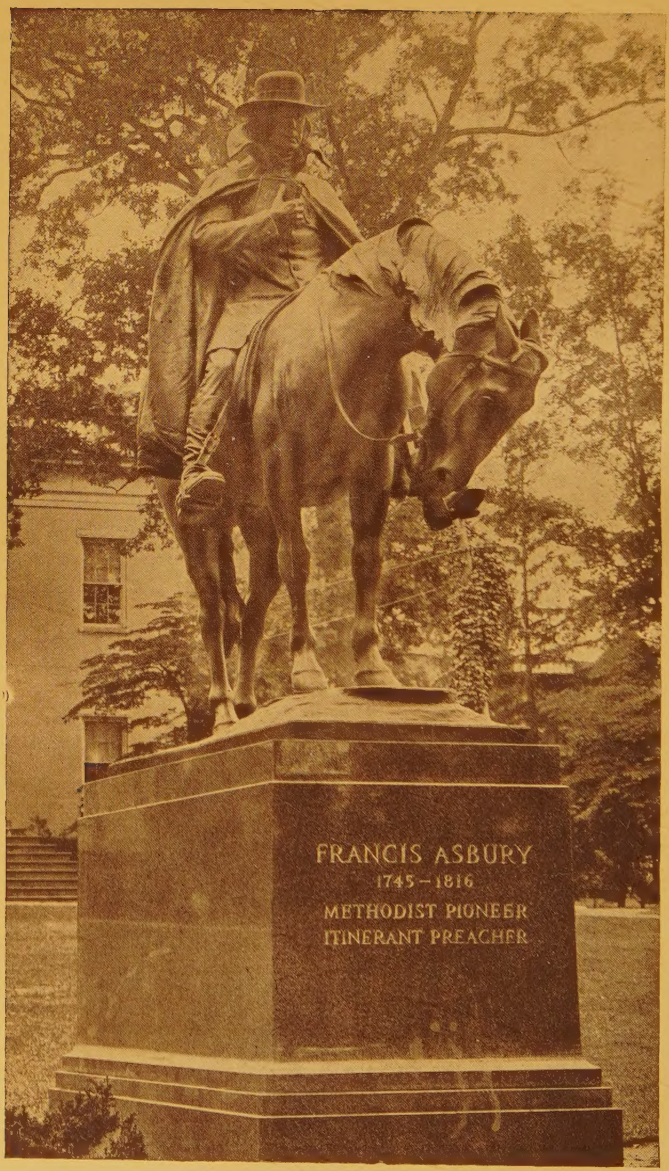


ASBURY AT DREW SEMINARY.

# The Methodist Magazine

BEGUN BY JOHN WESLEY IN 1778

Volume 150 March, 1927

## Our March Number

By THE EDITOR

***Our Frontispiece.***

DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY was not content to let Washington have the only statue of Francis Asbury. On October 14 its own bronze equestrian statue was unveiled by Mrs. Tipple. Mr. W. S. Pilling, of Philadelphia, gave the statue as a memorial of the Prophet of the Long Road, and linked with it the name of his own brother, Edward S. Pilling, a young Methodist minister who early closed a life full of promise.

Dr. Tipple, whose book on Asbury is a noble tribute to the man 'who laid the foundation and reared the structure of American Methodism,' has sent us this photograph for reproduction as our frontispiece.

The statue is by Augustus Lukeman, who was the sculptor of that at Washington. Asbury is here in full vigour 'travelling out to the conquest of this world for Jesus Christ.'

The Drew Theological Faculty, headed by Dr. Tipple and Dr. Faulkner, has placed a tablet close to the spot where Wesley's heart was 'strangely warmed' on May 24, 1738. Aldersgate now has a double memorial of that event, which is doing so much to transform the world.

***Our Encouragers.***

The circulation of the *Magazine* has made an encouraging advance in 1927, and we are cheered by general appreciation of its more convenient form and its important contents. The Editor of *Zion's Herald*, the great Boston Methodist paper, writes to congratulate us on the splendid articles in our January number, and friends from all over the country tell us how much they approve it. Dr. Barber thinks it 'exceedingly interesting and well done.' Other competent judges are of the same mind. The *United Methodist* says, 'This Magazine begins its one hundred and fifty-first year of life and fervour; and will do much to inform and enrich the Methodist Churches of this and other lands.'

***The Present Number.***

Dr. Cadman's article on Wesley's Influence in the United States is a tribute that may well become historic. Dr. Lidgett's ' Reminiscences ' open a side of our contemporary history which Wesley would have loved to see. Mr. Weatherhead's experience of ' Spiritual Healing ' would also have appealed to Wesley; and he would have liked to read ' Christianity in the School,' for religious education was always dear to his heart. We have welcome variety in Mrs. Kernahan's ' Tales of our Village,' in the paper on Sir James Mackenzie, the heart specialist, in the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse's beautiful devotional study, and other subjects of diversified interest. We hope to win a place in many new Methodist homes, and they will find the *Magazine* more and more to their mind as months pass by.

***Mr. Blacket's History.***

It was a welcome post that brought a history of this *Magazine* from the other side of the Globe. It came unsolicited and in time for our January number. It stretched into February and March, and we give here its closing sentences. There is much more to be said of Benjamin Gregory, William L. Watkinson, and Dr. Davison; but we must not rob the future of its tributes to such noble editors as these. Mr. Blacket sums up thus:

' During the last one hundred and fifty years religious periodicals have come into existence and gone out of existence; institutions have come and gone; governments have risen and fallen; great changes have taken place in our social life: but the *Methodist Magazine* continues. It has sailed through stormy seas; it has been perilously near menacing breakers: but, guided and controlled by wise and competent men, it has weathered every storm; it has withstood the attractive and destructive lure of every breaker; and with every rope taut, and every timber sound, it is still triumphantly sailing on the literary ocean, carrying instruction, inspiration, and information to many a home and to many a land. If the world rolls on as it is to-day, and human nature and experience continue the same, with seasons of light and darkness, times of sorrow and joy, periods of adversity and perplexity, needing guidance and counsel, I see no reason why the Magazine should not continue, perhaps in a somewhat changed form, as circumstances may require, for another one hundred and fifty years.'

John Telford

# Wesley's Influence upon the United States of America

By S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D., LL.D.

*President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.*

## IV

AFTER twelve Annual Conferences had been held, Wesley saw that it was not expedient for him to retain personal control over a daughter Church in an independent State. He therefore decided in 1784 to ordain Thomas Coke, and empower him to ordain Asbury as 'Joint Superintendent over our Brethren in America.' This radical departure from Anglican polity has been unfavourably criticized by advocates of the Apostolic Succession, which Wesley repudiated. But nothing has been said against it which in the slightest degree affects its magnanimity, its wisdom, and its timely provision for the exigencies of an infant Church in a young and untried nation. It riveted his hold upon the Communion for which he acted, and whose ministers are quite content to derive their orders through John Wesley.

***An Historic Christmas Conference.***

The three commissionaries he designated to carry out the scheme—Coke, Richard Whatcoat, and Thomas Vasey—met Asbury at Barratt's Chapel, Frederica, Delaware, on November 14, 1784. Coke—courtly, affable, well-to-do, a scholar of Oxford, in disposition exuberant and restless as the sea in which he was afterwards buried—furnished an interesting contrast to Asbury, who rode into the town a prematurely aged man at middle life, bent, but refusing to break. They convened the historic Christmas Conference at Lovely Lane Church, Baltimore, on December 24, 1784, where Coke and Asbury were first elected as Superintendents, since Asbury would not accept the office without the consent of the preachers; after which, Coke, in pursuance of Wesley's authorization, ordained Asbury. The Conference also adopted the 'Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church,' including the Constitution and the Ritual. The first delegated General Conference was convened in 1812, and became the supreme legislative and governing body. Since that year it has met quadrennially, and is now composed of lay and ministerial members in equal numbers.

The American episcopacy doubtless assumed a name and status which Wesley did not approve. The exclusive powers which he had wielded in British Methodism ended with his death; but their extension continued with some modifications in the American episcopate. Their abuse has been rare, however, and any driftings in this direction were checked by the declaration that the episcopacy is an office, not an order, and as a source of unity and co-operation must not be tainted by hierarchical pretensions. Methodist officialdom has not invariably conserved the spiritual health and vigour of the Church. Yet hitherto symptoms of self-seeking and personal aggrandisement have been repressed by the vital spirit of the Church as an evangelizing force in the world. Men to the manner born, whom space forbids one to name, began to make themselves felt between 1800 and 1840.

***Pursuing its Widening Sway.***

The origin and constitution of American Methodism having been safely accomplished, it pursued its widening sway. Hastily-constructed wayside chapels and woodland camps were replaced by splendid edifices in the cities and comfortable rural churches with manses attached. A more thoughtful but not less devoted type of Methodism was evolved by the educational forces which now began to play an important part in the life of the Church and its ministers, and the character of their audiences greatly changed. Yet until the close of the nineteenth century there was usually a frontier fringe of lawlessness and iniquity which challenged Methodism's best efforts and kept them at high tension. Jason Lee, whose Christian name suggests his enterprise, climbed the Rockies, after crossing the prairies, and rescued the future State of Oregon from a band of freebooters who had terrorized it. The Government often lagged behind such preachers as Lee in the settling of these extensive Western regions. They saved that huge domain from moral discord and spiritual destitution, and helped to build its towns as well as to Christianize its civilization.

In the retrospect it is plain that these pioneering exploits and the ceaseless marches of the itinerancy served Methodism to the full. But they did not sufficiently protect the preacher. As armies in battle cannot always select their positions nor be too fastidious about their physical requirements, so these splendid servants of the nation made its spiritual progress possible at a heavy cost in flesh and blood. Many of them, worn out by their arduous labours, died in younger manhood, and others were

forced to retire at an early age. The meagre financial support of the pastorate has also entailed the loss of not a few of Methodism's ablest preachers. Yet they have planted Wesleyan principles in the strongholds of other forms of Protestantism, and lessened the distance between denominations which should now be one. The vine which Wesley's disciples planted here has run over the walls of sectarianism, and seems to be the more fruitful for its intermittent prunings. During the years between 1800 and 1830 the membership of the Church grew from 64,000 to 467,153, a sevenfold gain as compared with other Churches in the same period.

From the moment that Wesley denounced slavery as the sum of all villainies it was condemned by his more advanced followers in America. On May 26, 1785, Coke and Asbury waited upon President Washington and urged the emancipation of the slaves. The second General Conference held in 1816 echoed Wesley's denunciation by enacting a law that no slave-holder could hold official position in the Church in any State which permitted emancipation. The General Conference held in Greene Street Church, New York, in 1844, decided that this compromise was no longer satisfactory. Thirteen Southern Conferences protested against the decision, and in the following year the Methodist Episcopal Church South was organized at Louisville, Kentucky. Its first General Conference was held at Petersburg, Virginia, in May 1846. Property rights were adjudicated by the Supreme Court of the nation in 1854, and the separated Churches went their respective ways.

### *A 'Plan of Unification.'*

Both bodies have been prolific of leaders true to their trust, and intent upon the preservation of Wesley's spirit and doctrine. Because of this attitude American Methodism has been comparatively free from vexatious theological controversies. Fraternal relations between the Northern and Southern Churches was resumed in 1874. In 1905 a Joint Commission of their General Conferences published an excellent Hymnal for common use. In 1924 the Northern General Conference held at Springfield, Massachussetts, adopted a 'Plan for Unification,' which failed to obtain the required constitutional majority at the Southern General Conference held at Memphis, Tennessee, in 1926. The way is left open for further negotiations, which it would be presumptuous to anticipate.

Nor can I do more than refer to the Methodist Protestant

Church organized at Baltimore in 1830 in behalf of a more liberal ecclesiastical policy; the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion, which came out in 1843 because of its opposition to slavery and to the exclusive powers of the episcopacy; and the Free Methodist Church, which in 1860 reacted to the more stringent customs of early Methodism. The United Brethren in Christ were organized in 1800, and the Evangelical Association in 1807, to carry on the work among German Americans.

The growing cordiality between these variant versions of Methodism in the United States is indicative of the day when a Federal Council of all its Churches shall seize the opportunity to determine upon a co-operative policy of comity at home and abroad for the evangelization of mankind. Such an arrangement would also have to reckon with the two thriving denominations of the negro race, organized respectively in 1816 and 1921 and with other minor groups.

## V

If what has been here sketched in a fragmentary fashion justifies the assertions made about Wesley's influence upon the United States in a former article, we may conclude with a concise statement of the contributions of that influence to American politics, social reform, and education. Certainly it seems anomalous that a British clergyman who opposed the Independence of the Republic should be one of its largest personal assets to-day and have a hold upon its policies which is the more real because indirect. The fact that Americans keenly resent ecclesiastical interference with their civil affairs heightens the apparent anomaly. But Wesley's appeal to the latent Puritanism of the New World helps to explain the situation. Every student of its annals is aware of the abysmal difference between the ideals of that Puritanism and those of the more recent immigration here. Until now the descendants of the earliest settlers have retained control of the nation, and, as I see it, they will continue to do so. But the issues between them and their opponents are definitely drawn and strongly contested. In this contest the typical Methodism which Wesley would have sanctioned has a deciding power due to its numbers and virility, and one feared by the foes of a Christianized as against a purely political democracy.

***Loyalty to the State.***

Yet from the first his Churches have been unswervingly loyal to the State. So far back as 1789, at the suggestion of Asbury,

the New York Conference presented the first congratulatory address which President Washington received from any Church after his inauguration. The address, which was probably written by Asbury himself, pledged the allegiance of the Church to the newly-formed State in terms that excited the prejudices of the older Churches which felt they had prior claims. When Asbury made this sagacious move, his Communion had but a few members and was of small social consequence. No Methodist name appears among those attached to the Declaration of Independence in 1776. But in 1926 Mthodists had the lead in Congress with 90 out of 435 members in the House and 27 out of 96 in the Senate. Three Presidents—Grant, Hayes, and McKinley—to say nothing of many Governors of the forty-eight States, Judges of the various Courts, and Mayors of cities, have been or are of the Methodist persuasion. Lincoln's tribute to this predominance may be recalled. In reply to a delegation from the General Conference held at Philadelphia in 1864, which waited upon him to express the confidence of Northern Methodism in his Administration, he said:

'Nobly sustained as the Government has been by all the Churches, I would utter nothing which might in the least appear invidious against any. Yet, without this, it may fairly be said that the Methodist Episcopal Church, not less devoted than the best, is by its greater numbers the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist Church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any. God bless the Methodist Church! and blessed be God, who, in this our great trial, giveth us the Churches!'

***Present Problems.***

It is a present problem of Methodism in America, shared by all the denominations, to reconcile the national with the catholic mind, and thus harmonize the claims of the local State with those of the universal Church. No solution is in sight. Yet in so far as a moralized internationalism is at stake, and the disputes between States are justiciable without resort to the futilities of armed violence, the sons of Wesley on this side the Atlantic can be depended upon to lead the way toward justice and security. None are more devoted to the State, but none can be more resolute or fearless in opposition to its action if this invades the rights of humanity. In proof of these statements I refer my readers to the published utterances of the various Methodist ruling bodies upon Peace, War, the World Court, and the League of Nations.

It has also been their privilege to initiate numerous and far-reaching social reforms. They have opposed political chicanery, slavery, drunkenness, gambling, duelling, and a host of kindred evils. Public sentiment antagonistic to these and other non-social practices has been aroused by the unflinching advocacy of American Methodists everywhere. The Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, was overwhelmingly adopted because Methodism, North and South, put forth an intensive propaganda in its behalf. It is determined to continue the campaign for the enforcement of the Amendment as against those who would either nullify or openly violate it. But behind the present policy of Prohibition lies the history of a long and intrepid conflict waged by prominent Methodist men and women in behalf of total abstinence. They joined with other temperance forces and legislative workers to make Prohibition a nation-wide measure thirty years ago, and it is their intention to secure its ultimate acceptance.

The programme of equitable adjustments in industrialism endorsed by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been virtually adopted by all Protestant Churches. The Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations have enlisted the co-operation of Methodism to such an extent that two prominent Methodists, Dr. John R. Mott and Miss Mabel Cratty, are the present leaders of these organizations. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has received the advice and co-operation of Methodism from its inception in 1908 until now. Dr. Frank Mason North, my predecessor in the Presidency of the Council, helped to organize it, and has aided in discharging its manifold duties as a clearing-house for interdenominational co-operation and service. Its Social and Educational Departments are headed by two Methodist clergymen—Dr. Worth M. Tippy and Dr. F. Ernest Johnson. The rank and file of the ministry and laity is a veritable bulwark which Wesley would have approved for the defence of peace, temperance, and righteousness in the hazardous experiment which this Republic is conducting in behalf of popular sovereignty.

***Its Educational Policy.***

Nor has Christian education been neglected by American Methodism. Cokesbury College, Abingdon, Maryland, was founded by Coke in 1785, and also fostered by Asbury. For the time being their designs were frustrated; but after the

evangelization of the nation had well begun, many theological and secondary schools, colleges, and universities were established in various parts of the country. In these institutions Methodism serves its own students and also those of other denominations. The supervision of the Senate composed of heads of colleges and universities determines the academic standards of all Methodism's higher institutions of learning. Since 1873 the Board of Education of the Northern Church has aided 34,200 Methodist scholars, many of whom subsequently entered the ministry of the Churches.

Perhaps the best results of this educational policy are seen in the Methodist interpretations of Christianity which are now to the front. The formulated creeds are revered as milestones on the highway of Christian thought, but they cannot arrest investigation nor evade intellectual inquiry. Yet their restatement will have to correspond with the realities of Christian experience if they are to secure the assent of the Methodist Churches. These are no longer bemused by the illusions of finality. They steadfastly hold the centre of gravity, not in ecclesiastical authority, but in the witness of the Holy Spirit in believing hearts. The sacramental principle of faith as against the sacerdotalism of rites and ceremonies, the advantages of a flexible and comprehensive organization as against the rigidities of extreme institutionalism, and the elevation of reason as a source of divine light as against that species of intellectualism which mistakes a single function of personality for the whole, are among the sanest and ripest conclusions of modern Methodism at its best. They largely account for its freedom from disturbance by the Fundamentalist controversy, and certify to the capital service rendered by its thinkers, theologians, editors, and authors. Its educational efforts also offset to a certain extent the detrimental effects of the secular system which obtains in the public schools and the State universities. So far as these are concerned, however, Protestantism will have to revise its entire policy of education if it is to instill in the youth of America the ethic which self-governing nations require.

***Faithful to its Founder.***

In the evangelization of non-Christian lands American Methodism has perpetuated Wesley's ideals. The Northern Church, which is the largest single Protestant body in the country, in 1924 contributed $19,000,000 for benevolences, and the Southern Church $3,500,000, an equivalent of

4,500,000 British pounds. Of this aggregate Foreign Missions received a liberal quota. The reciprocal effect of such devotion is seen in the gain of 220,183 members by the home Churches during 1925, the largest increase of any Protestant Communion.

The abolition of the time limit, the frequency of long pastorates at stragetic points, the more just remuneration of pastoral service, the erection of structures such as the Methodist Temples in Chicago and New York, and the appointment of the Commission for World Service, demonstrate that American Methodism remains true to the original purposes of its Founder. It has its difficulties both here and abroad, due, among other sources, to an excessive immigration and to the uncivilized conduct of professedly Christian States toward non-Christian States and Territories. The rural Churches which have been the backbone of Methodism are not so prosperous as they might be. And some leaders show a strange reluctance to be disturbed by the verified results of reverent scholarship even when disturbance means correction. But I have every confidence that the Churches which God established in America by Wesley's instrumentality will ultimately unite and spread Christian holiness throughout the land. They pulsate in every vein and limb with his influence; they hearken to the voice of his Lord and ours; they are signally upheld and blessed by the indwelling Spirit of life and love which the Founder so nobly exemplified.

# The Social Life of Man

By LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, D.D.

MAN has the instinct for society because God is a society. Man craves unselfish love because God is unselfish love. The home life of God—if in simple reverence we may call it so—is not something which can be pictured, but it can be appropriated in a flash of mystical understanding which gives a new and deathless and glorious meaning to the intercessary prayer of Jesus, 'that they may be one as We are one.'

Only an eternal, divine unselfishness can be the basis of a permanent and deeply grounded human unselfishness. The social instinct in man must come not merely from the will of God. It must rise from the very depths of his nature. 'He that spared not His own Son' is the charter for a human society based upon unselfishness. And so the social life of man is glowing with the colours of the social life of God. Man may be in time what God is in eternity. And man is never so like God as when his heart reaches out in self-forgetful, eager love, alive with moral passion and glowing with spiritual power.

# Spiritual Healing

By LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD, M.A.

## HEALING BY SPIRITUAL MEANS

IN this article we shall deal with cases calling for 'spiritual healing' which lie within the province of the minister, or at least of a person with a rich spiritual experience, for the simple reason that I do not believe that any one else can do it; for it requires, as the element of most importance to the treatment, the knowledge of what is the right spiritual suggestion to make at a given moment.

***An Instructive Case.***

Let me take a case of my own that is as simple as it could be, and therefore illuminating. A young girl came to me three or four years ago in great distress of mind. She had been wronged by a former friend. Her own conscience impelled her towards forgiveness and reconciliation. Her resentment, plus a terrible opportunity, impelled her towards retaliation. She came to me after struggling with these two forces for several months. While this conflict of the mind continued, she suffered from violent headaches, catarrh, and insomnia. She had taken medical advice, consumed bottles of medicine, and was no better. It was the easiest case in the world to deal with. Having advised her, as any Christian would be able to do, I said quite definitely that, as soon as she had sought out her friend and forgiven her, both mental distress and physical symptoms would disappear. She carried out my advice, and came back in a few days, radiant and cured. She has had no return of the symptoms since. I ought to add that I had her permission to quote her case.

The case is instructive, because we see a disharmony of the soul with God, the refusal to forgive, and a consequent mental ferment and a physical breakdown. When the harmony of the soul was restored, healing of mind and body followed. Such a case is a case for a minister, because the doctor by his very training tends to interpret symptoms in terms of physical impairment, and because the treatment is purely spiritual.

***The Therapeutic Value of Confession.***

Let me quote a more recent case, and then pass on to a more difficult one. In the subsequent cases I have made slight alterations to avoid any possibility of identification. It is not fair that one should take even a millionth risk of identification, though of course no psychological facts have been tampered

with. A well-to-do lady who heard me lecture on psychotherapy asked me to go to a town fifty miles away to see her gardener.

Briefly the case can be summarized. He had been in her employ over thirty years, and had worked well till the last three years. During that time he had become morose, sulky, brooding. He complained of a pain in the chest, and could not do his work. Several doctors had overhauled him without finding anything wrong. The last had told him he was a lazy devil, and should get up and work. For a number of weeks his employer had had him at a Convalescent Home, where he got no better. When I saw him—and I went with great misgivings—he was in bed. For a time we got nowhere. He would not speak, save in monosyllables. I intuitively felt that he needed God more than any elaborate treatment. Without asking permission, I prayed with him. Then I got up and earnestly invited him to tell me what was on his mind. Out it all came, higgledy-piggledy, in a torrent of language, sometimes choked with tears. It was a pretty ghastly story, and I won't repeat a fact of it. Then I spoke of God's forgiveness. Of its reality and power. I got him to pray, not asking for but *taking* God's forgiveness. Suddenly he said, 'The pain in my chest has gone.' I went down and told his employer that he would be better; and while we were still talking in the hall, he came down dressed in his working clothes, and his face was radiant.

Far be it from me to suggest anything wonderful. Any one could have done it who would listen, who would make God's forgiveness real to him, and hear his confession. I affirm quite frankly there is a very sound psychological truth beneath the idea of the Confessional, and at our hands our people ought to be able to get all that is of value in it without its weakness and evils. It is a method of healing souls which we cannot afford to let go.

Now to more difficult cases. The two I have mentioned are easy, because it was easy to find the root of the soul's disharmony. Sometimes it is very difficult.

***An Inferiority Complex.***

A man came to see me from the Midlands about two years ago. He had read an article on 'Spiritual Healing' which I wrote for *The Methodist Recorder*. He dragged his legs, limping as he walked. When he shook hands, it was like grasping a fish's tail. He told me of his condition. He shunned meeting people. He always felt inferior to every one else. He was a failure, and so on.

A careful analysis revealed the fact that the trouble lay right

back in childhood. On a certain occasion he had been held up to ridicule before the whole school. (Let me say that you can never be too careful when you deal with the mind of a child. He may get a fear, or a shock, or a ' complex,' which will hurt all his life, either physically or mentally, or both.) Added to this my patient had been brought up in a big family, where every one else was considered more brilliant than himself. He was always dull. He could *never* do things, and so on.

Gradually, the patient being in a relaxed state, it was possible to disentangle the emotions from these painful ideas, and attach them to definitely religious and positive ideas. One assured him that God had given him great talents. He was not to try to be like other people. He was to be himself, the best self he could be. He was to develop the possibilities of his own personality, and that the power of God could make a man of him beyond his wildest dreams.

To make a long story short, he went out of my room without any dragging of the limbs, he shook hands like a Methodist should, and now he is back—this man who hated meeting people —working in his church with a new-found enthusiasm. I call that Spiritual Healing, because it is the healing of the spirit. One is not interested or concerned so much with physical symptoms. They are only physical concomitants of a spiritual disharmony. But it is our job to bring souls into harmony with God.

***A Modern Miracle.***

Let me give one other case before we pass on. I was asked, with the full concurrence of the doctor, to see a woman who was suffering from what had been called ' rheumatoid arthritis,' but which the doctor himself had come to believe derived from a psychological source. A careful psycho-analysis was made, a business which took some weeks. The buried complex was discovered, brought into consciousness, and thus robbed of its power to harm, its repressed emotions being released. The nucleus of the complex was then reassociated with the healthy emotions of religious belief, and the released emotions directed to new ends.

When I saw her first, she had seen several doctors and one specialist. She had been for five years unable to rise from a lying to a sitting position, or a sitting to a standing position without assistance and without great pain. When I had got to the root of the matter, and had the patient in that languid state of relaxation in which ideas are most readily received by the mind, positive suggestions, all of them religious, were made,

and the patient assured that she was well, and that she must get up and face up to life, look for God's meanings in it, and leave the past resolutely behind. I confess my faith was hardly big enough for what happened. She got up by herself for the first time for years, went into the next room, and sat down to tea. Her sister was simply overcome with emotion, and indeed the moment seemed so sacred that for a few moments I withdrew. Unfortunately another trouble, quite unrelated to the first, supervened a few months later, and the patient died, and it was impossible to record a permanent cure.

I could give, of course, other cases. Some cases of entire failure. Others of really remarkable success. Ten years ago a doctor in the R.A.M.C. in Mesopotamia who practised suggestion said to a group of chaplains, ' You padres should be doing this.' And for my part I think he is right.

***The Cures of Jesus.***

In my own mind I have often wondered whether the cures of Jesus were not what we should call psycho-genic cases of the particular variety which I have specified, namely, where the soul is out of harmony with God. Jesus did not cure all sick folk. He healed many that were sick (Mark i. 34), not all. I am not here denying His ability to do so. But, after all, would He have time to do so? There were only twenty-four hours even in *His* day, and I am quite sure that people who were in trouble because their soul was out of harmony with God would claim attention from Him before people who were suffering from purely physical distress. He was not nearly so interested, I imagine, in bodies as in souls (e.g. Luke xii. 4). Moreover, His words do seem to suggest what to-day we should call psychological treatment. He had no seeming need to make a psycho-analysis. His kind but searching glance could penetrate to the inward, spiritual hurt that was causing the physical disability; for example, ' He said to the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins are forgiven ' (Mark ii. 5). That is, He saw the psychic origin of physical trouble, and knew that when the harmony of the soul with God was restored the physical symptoms were dispelled. The case of hysterical blindness mentioned in John ix. (the man born blind) seems a similar treatment. Jesus makes use of current superstition that spittle had a therapeutic value to increase the power of suggestion. Ought we not to follow Jesus here? Is not this the province of ' spiritual healing '? Did not Jesus speak in John xiv. 12 of even ' greater things than these ' that should be done?

# Christianity in the School

By WILLIAM F. LOFTHOUSE, M.A., D.D.

EDUCATION is the affair of the expert. Parents may be supreme in the home; but when is a parent allowed to interfere in the school? Even complaints and requests are apt to be treated brusquely by the school authorities. The 'parson,' though his traditional interest in religious education is recognized, is given to understand that he must not interfere outside that rather limited area. The right place, therefore, for such a subject as we now approach might appear to be a technical or professional journal; and the teacher may turn from anything that we can say with contempt or pity.

Still, education, however highly trained its agents, is a service that is rendered to the community, and the community has the responsibility of deciding, in the long run, what sort of education it desires, as well as how much it is prepared to give for it. It is not the duty of the expert to decide what education shall be given, but to assist the community to a wise judgement; and if the community is unable or unwilling to decide for itself, it cannot complain if it is ill-served.

Moreover, as we shall see, there are certain things that Christianity stands for in society, and an ideal that she is bound to cherish for the men and women therein. She will therefore have her own demands to make of the education authorities, or of the community that controls or ought to control them; and these demands she must secure.

### *Education and the Bible.*

But what are they? The evangelical Christian naturally thinks of the Bible; and here he is surprised to find very little on the subject. Paul indeed tells his followers that children must obey their parents 'in the Lord,' and that parents must not goad their children into anger. This does not seem to take us very far towards a theory of education—though perhaps farther than a good many parents have succeeded in going. Jesus, as all will agree, gave the child a unique importance in His teaching; Juvenal's great words, 'Maxima debetur pueris reverentia' (You cannot treat a child with too great care and respect), are a kind of far-off echo of the saying that 'in heaven their angels . . .' But if Jesus said a great deal about the place of the child in His Father's regard, did He say anything that would guide us as to

the child's education? What He did say seems merely negative: 'place no stumbling-block in the child's way; if any one trips up a little child, no language can describe the punishment he deserves.' Does that take us any farther than Paul?

It takes us, in truth, a great deal farther than most communities would care to realize. As to the importance of the child in the community, Jesus has said more than the most vigorous champion of education has ever ventured to say. His words surely mean that, whatever else the Church may neglect, she must see to the education of the child as her *first* charge, or they mean nothing. She may of course do it indirectly through the expert and the professional, but do it she must. And if the teaching about the stumbling-block seems merely negative, it has two very far-reaching and surprising corollaries.

***Two Demands.***

First, the society in which the child grows up must be purged of anything that could 'trip up' the child, or lead him wrong. What would a town or village be like in which there was no evil example to mislead a child? Knowing as we do how plastic and imitative is the child's nature, the reformation of manners implied by these words of Jesus is nothing less than utopian. We are left wondering at the inducements to evil which crowd on youthful eyes and ears in street, school, and factory, and profoundly thankful that, protected by some native innocence, the child has again and again escaped the perils to which our carelessness and vice have exposed him.

Secondly, the child must have the best education that we can devise. To be satisfied with the second-best, or to give the child less when we could give him more, is surely to handicap him, and 'trip him up.' If we were dealing with another kind of teacher, this might be held an exaggeration; but to one who thought of the children as the objects of God's especial attention, we can stop short at nothing less. A Christian community, then, will set itself to care for the education of its children with at least the same assiduity as was urged by the great Athenian philosopher of the fourth century before Christ. Readers of Plato's *Republic* will remember how the whole fabric and hope of his ideal State was based upon the training in 'music and gymnastic' which was provided for the children; and how no considerations of parental proprietorship or affection were allowed to interfere with the child's growth in a kind of fair and healthful pasture-ground. In his letter treatise, the *Laws,* he adds a good many practical details which have interest even for the educationalist of to-day,

and, as an acute commentator has remarked, he became the inventor of the secondary school.

Perhaps it is too much to hope for, that either the politician or the ecclesiastic, in the modern State, could secure what the ancient philosopher required; but if we can think of the Church as a body standing for the enforcement of the known will of Christ, we must envisage her as upholding before the community a definite ideal for the training of children, and taking every possible measure to carry it out.

***Two Types.***

But what is the ideal? Two types may readily be distinguished. Here is the description of a well-known educationalist: 'Accuracy, ready understanding, quickness of calculation, clearness of exposition, logical coherence, observation of facts, facility in manipulating fine tools, appreciation of language, observation of character—these are the effective points of a really educated man.' The following words of Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, formerly Minister of Education, though actually used of a university education, may be taken to describe the other type: it is to train students 'in disinterested intellectual habits, to give them a vision of what real learning is, to refine taste and inform judgement, to enlarge curiosity, to substitute for a low and material outlook on life a lofty view of its resources and demands.'

We may spare ourselves the labour of comparing these. Neither can be considered complete without the other; perhaps neither could be attained without the other. But, even when combined, they would leave their product, from the point of view of a Christian society, a most unsatisfactory creature. He might indeed be no more than a very clever and refined beast of prey. The education that we are in search of will train the child to be a loyal member of the community, to find the satisfaction of life in function rather than in acquisition, and to understand by that function a steadfast and co-operative service.

That education must be unified, all educationalists are now ready to admit. And, as a matter of fact, education has in all ages been accommodated to the views of life held by those who were for the time in charge of it. This is equally true of the *Trivia* and *Quadrivia* of the Middle Ages, the steady and thorough study of the classics under Elizabeth, and the stress laid on 'practical' and scientific subjects by the acquisitive society of a later period. The confusion in the educational world of to-day is really due to a confusion of ideals among those who can make

their voices heard in the direction of education. Is education intended to turn the child into a man who can be relied upon to 'get on,' and make a fortune and out-distance his competitors; or is it to enable him to understand the world of men and women in which he will have to live, so as to treat them as allies in working for the ends which they were meant to secure?

***Two Educational Movements.***

When the question is put in this form, it is clear that the discussion of what is to be taught will have to be joined to the discussion of the way in which the teaching is to be carried out. And it is significant that two of the most prominent factors in the modern educational world lay the chief stress upon method. Every one has heard of the Montessori school and of the Dalton method; and most people are aware that behind these and other 'fads' (as their enemies would still call them) is the design to teach the child to work for a self-chosen end, with his own sense of initiative and responsibility; yet to work in co-operation with others, and regarding the teacher, not as the imparter of knowledge, but as a helper and guide to the pupil in discovering his knowledge for himself. Such a process demands far more from the teacher than the old-fashioned pedagogy; but the self-effacement, it is claimed, has its reward in the rapid advance of the bright children, and the discovery in the dull ones of unsuspected powers and interests.

Every one, too, knows something of the new study of child-psychology, and its application, not only to the 'young delinquent,' as it is now customary to call him, but to the awkward and abnormal child, and indeed to the whole theory of teaching. There is nothing very mysterious in child-psychology, as it is being studied at present, though some of its results are surprising enough. It is founded mainly on three convictions: that most of the difficulties and misdemeanours of children, trivial and serious, arise from emotions whose source lies buried beneath his consciousness; that these create a desire to revolt or to escape from the world, which issues in acts whose rationale the child at best only dimly understands; and that what he needs to save him from himself is a friend whom he can trust, who will arouse his own self-confidence, and give him courage to face his world with open eyes. This process, too, makes vast demands on the teacher or guide.[1] Nor is it uniformly successful. The whole study is even yet in its infancy. But it has succeeded where other methods

[1] See, for instance, *Burt, The Young Delinquent* (Longmans); or Miriam van Waters, *Youth in Conflict* (Methuen).

have failed, and it has forced us to see that, where we are dealing with the weak, the disappointing, and the problematical, we must employ the methods of the physician rather than of the judge; that the child does not need punishment, but healing and salvation.

***Knowledge the Means, a Person the End.***

Now, it is not the purpose of this article to advocate the claims of either the methods of Signora Montessori or the application of psycho-analysis to the treatment of difficult children. The two movements have been thus briefly described, not only because they are attracting the attention of all who are interested in education to-day, but because no one can study them without being reminded of those contacts between Christianity and education which we have previously observed. For the Christian can never be satisfied with an education which looks simply to the acquisition of knowledge—a knowledge which may be prostituted to sheer self-seeking and greed. For him, the acquisition of knowledge is never an end in itself; it is a means to produce a person, as we have learnt to use the word—a centre of initiative, self-conscious and self-possessed, and yet a member of a society, and reaching his ends only with their co-operation and in partnership with them. Whatever will lead to this must attract the Christian, and he must equally be attracted by a method which sets itself to deal with the weak, the potential or actual failures of the school or the world, and which relies on friendship, patience, sympathy, and the reconstruction of the child's outlook on life. He will find himself in a dozen ways reminded of the reconstructive and redemptive activity that shines in the Gospels.

Hence, when he insists that the community shall regard the school as of more importance than the Stock Exchange or the Chamber of Commerce, he will go farther. He will not identify his loyalty to Christ and Christ's little ones with any one educational method or treatment; but he will insist that the principles he finds in his religion should have their true place in the school; and if he finds, among the teachers of his time, an unmistakable approach to these principles, he will thankfully use his influence to see that such an approach may be encouraged and developed. To carry out his intentions, he must rely on the expert; but he must be clear as to the ends themselves; knowing that the goal of education must be to produce persons, and that the teacher must be the friend, the counsellor, and, where necessary, the healer.

*The Expert.*

We have said that these two new ideas on education increase the demands made on the teacher. That is true; but they also go far to facilitate the task of the man who, not being himself a professional teacher, yet feels a special responsibility for the teaching of the two subjects which we have left to the last—sex and religion.

Obviously, if the expert is ever needed, he is needed here. Yet it is here that the non-expert can, and must, do more than in any other part of the vast field of education. Of what can directly be taught about sex, and when, and how, we can say nothing here. The special literature must be consulted.[2] But, at least for the normal child, no influence is stronger or more efficacious than that of an older friend, who knows from his (or her) own experience what the boy or girl will have to face in the way of physical and mental changes, and who, with an honest and pure and loving heart, exercises the influence of a stainless life—an influence which most children are surprisingly quick to feel. And every Christian community ought to have a force of such 'friends,' sufficient at least for the children for whom it feels itself responsible.

*The Teaching of Religion.*

What, then, is to be said of the teaching of religion? Of late years the expert has been laying down the law in regard to the Sunday School in a fashion that has helped to bring many Sunday Schools somewhere near the level of efficiency in the Day School; while he has often irritated teachers who, for whatever reason, prefer the simpler idea of talking 'as they may be led' to a group of boys and girls before them. The methods of the expert have come to stay; they are only harmful when we think that they are going to do the work, instead of helping us to do it. To rely on 'talking as we are led' is even more harmful; partly because, as someone has wittily put it, God fills the mountains with marble, but He never builds a Parthenon; partly because talking by itself is not religious education at all. If it were, we should have to wait for the expert.

As things are, when the expert has done his best (and the wise Church will see that he does it), the teaching of religion still needs the men and women of strong sympathy, simple and upright life, keen interest in boys and girls, who have brains enough to follow, in their actual lessons, the hints that the expert can give, and who can make their pupils feel (though never putting it into

[2] See, for instance, N. March, *Towards Racial Health* (Routledge).

words), ' He will stick to me; I can talk to him; and how I should love to be like him.' When a Christian can inspire such thoughts as these, he will inevitably lead his pupils to his Master. And if a Church has not a store of such Christians, it is really time she mended her ways and found them.

' Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth.' ' Ye have not, because ye ask not.' We groan over the burden of the Education Rate; we lament the inadequacy of our Sunday Schools. Can it be that we have yet to grow really anxious to see ' Christianity in action ' in our schools?

# Not for Myself

By W. H. JACKSON PICKEN

*For none of us liveth to himself.*—Rom. xiv. 7.

I know the claim God makes is just;
This life of mine He gave in trust;
Employ it all for Him I must,
Not for myself.

O Lord, to Thee my thoughts incline,
My strength and faculties are Thine,
My very life a gift divine,
Not for myself.

My Father God, let me not grieve
Thy love, in which I must believe,
Since gifts unnumbered I receive,
Not for myself.

As Thou dost all mankind befriend,
Constrain my will with Thine to blend,
To live the life that ne'er shall end,
Not for myself.

The Christ, who did for sin atone,
As Saviour Lord I humbly own;
Henceforth I live for Him alone,
Not for myself.

Come, Holy Spirit, dwell with me,
From Satan's bondage set me free,
Open my eyes true joy to see,
Not for myself.

# Are the English Growing Lazy?

By A. J. EDMONDS

'THE laziness of our race,' declares Dean Inge in his new book, *England,* 'is often noticed by foreigners, and without much contradiction till the industrial revolution altered the habits of the people. In the nineteenth century, it is true, French observers reported that the English "work fiercely," but the older habits have now reasserted themselves, and it cannot be questioned that the average Englishman has at present no taste for the untiring, laborious diligence of the German. The slackness of the British workman excites the surprise and contempt of all foreign observers, especially of the Americans, who rightly see in it a very ominous symptom of national deterioration. Economic heresies may have something to do with the prevalent restriction of output; but the American or German worker could not be induced to fritter away half his working hours; self-respect and a natural love of activity would make systematic "ca' canny" intolerable to him. Laziness is a vice which we share with the natives of some hot countries, but with no other Europeans. It is, of course, by no means confined to the labouring classes.'

***A Grave Indictment.***

Such words from so keen an observer of national tendencies cannot fail to arrest attention. That they constitute a grave indictment of the English people is clear. If that judgement is just, then the future of this country is dark indeed.

On the face of things much appears to support the dean's contention. Some men seem to have developed slacking into a fine art. It is amazing how long they can make a job spin out. If a thing has on it the label 'work,' they seem to regard it with a standing repugnance. This is of course a generalization to which there are many honourable exceptions; but no one with his eyes open can fail to see that far too many workers address themselves to their task with little if any interest, and do it not because they want to but because they must. They watch the hands of the clock pursuing their weary round to 'knocking-off time,' magnifying meanwhile the pleasures of leisure by wistful anticipation. Work is but an irksome interlude between periods of enjoyment, and there is a constant demand that that interlude shall become shorter and shorter. Nor will it be denied that

some people who might find work prefer to live in idleness on the dole. This state of affairs is not confined, as the dean admits, to any particular stratum of society. Many black-coated workers are as eager for pleasure as manual labourers, and as much given to frittering away their master's time. A well-paid job, where, in the facetious phrase 'the work is put out,' would seem to be the goal after which the majority strive.

***Is the Indictment True?***

But closer examination shows that this repugnance is not against activity as such, but activity when it is denominated 'work.' Here Dean Inge appears to go slightly astray. His implication that Englishmen do not love activity like Germans and Americans is scarcely borne out by the facts. The mechanic who slacks at his lathe runs like a hare after the leather ball. The clerk who seems so listless over his ledger and goes for a smoke somewhere in the rear several times a day shows no lack of energy on the tennis-court. The miner who has stood out with astonishing determination against 'a minute more on the day' will work ten or even twelve hours out of the twenty-four on an outcrop. The fact is that, under circumstances which suit him, the average Englishman is no more a sluggard than the average German or American. The dean's suggestion that we are like negroes who love to laze the hours away in the shade of the coconut-tree is surely wide of the mark. Our climate is against such indolence. Its very rigours urge folk to activity. And it is hardly conceivable that an idle race could have achieved what the English have done both at home and abroad.

To stigmatize the nation as lazy is not enough. Indeed, the dean himself recognizes this. 'Above all, perhaps,' he says in another place, 'no investigation can be too thorough into the reasons which make even a moderate day's work under modern conditions disagreeable to the worker.' And only when those reasons have been investigated, and, when defined, acted upon in a generous manner, shall we find a way out of this grave and difficult problem.

***The Incentive of Gain.***

The keenness of the outcrop workers during the coal crisis is a valuable object-lesson. 'They are at it from early morning till late at night. In a neighbouring field they have now got many yards into the hill-side. As you stand at the entrance you can hear the pick, but the miner is quite out of sight. The props are green wood, set up of course with care; but the roof is "rotten" and very wet. It might cave in at any moment.

Normally these men would refuse to work at all under such conditions. Why are they working so feverishly now? Because they are satisfied that, after the farmer has taken his toll, they are getting a fair return for their labour.'

The Americans, the dean tells us, view the English worker with ' surprise and contempt.' But America did not suffer from the war as we did, and she is assiduously collecting her debts all over the world. Consequently the American artisan is living in a golden time. A young man and his wife, both textile workers, who a few years ago emigrated from this town to Rhode Island, now go to the mill every day in their own motor-car. Had they remained here, they would probably have had to be satisfied with sharing a charabanc occasionally with a score of others. No wonder they work well in the States. The rewards are high. Say what we will about the incentive of gain, no one can deny its power. It may not be the highest motive, but it is the only one thousands of people know. Now many workers feel that they have not been receiving a fair share of the fruits of industry. Too frequently their position has been precarious in the extreme.

' How can a fellow put his heart into his job,' said a young man to me recently, ' when he knows it may only last a day or two, and then he'll be back on the dole? '

But give a worker a real interest in the concern that absorbs his labour, let him feel assured that, so long as he is industrious and trustworthy, his future is bound up with the undertaking, and he will be likely to give his best. His part in the process of manufacture may be humble, perhaps even uncongenial, but he will find it invested with a new interest.

The co-partnership experiment of the Ford Ayrton Co., Ltd., silk-spinners, at Bentham, Yorks, is an illustration in point. There the workers have shown a willingness, not merely to share the profits, but also the losses when a lean time has come. Production has increased, though hours have been diminished. In the words of Mr. Charles Ford, ' Greater efficiency has been displayed by the workers. There is no limit on production, workers earn what they can with no change of rate. Cordial relations exist between the firm and the union. There is a wonderful happiness and peace.'

***The Distaste for Monotonous Work.***

Another prime cause of the prevalent distaste for work is the monotony that has enveloped it under modern conditions. Everybody has heard of Ford's motor construction chain, in

which one man puts the bolt in place on the car that is being assembled, while the next screws it up, and so on, till the car is run out of the shed ready for the road. Thus many modern workers perform for days and months together the same few simple evolutions. With the standardization of production such labour is inevitable. Is it therefore dull? Does it exercise on the soul that corroding, stupefying effect some assert?

It undoubtedly cramps the instinct for craftsmanship. Where once the bootmaker made a shoe from start to finish, in a modern factory each department has its own unvarying little bit to contribute to the complete article. Must therefore the latent craftsmanship of the workers be left undeveloped? Not necessarily. For standardization means cheaper and quicker production, which in turn means more and more leisure for the artisan. And that free time, if rightly used, will afford opportunity for the pursuit of arts and crafts which call into play his dormant skill. Here the Scout Movement in encouraging boys and girls to take up hobbies is invaluable. It is showing that work need not be drudgery, but may become an enthusiasm and a joy.

Moreover, even repetitive work may not be so dull as it is sometimes thought by theorists to be. As a man said in my hearing the other day, ' When a fellow has learnt to do one of these jobs, his hands automatically perform the evolutions necessary. His mind can then rove wherever it likes. He can discuss sport or politics without in the least affecting his productiveness. The drabness of his task is thus lit up from without, or, rather, he forgets his job in the very act of doing it.' Which statement may contain not a little truth. Certain it is that, looked at from another angle, the meanest task has a high significance. Chipping stones in the mason's shed is as real a contribution towards the construction of a noble edifice as the inspired vision of the architect.

***Restriction of Output.***

' Economic heresies may have something to do with the prevalent restriction of output,' writes the dean. Therein he touches a very real cause of that antipathy to labour now afflicting many people. They have been taught that, by reducing the amount of work each does, the total amount available will be made to go round farther. And when with such teaching is combined distorted propaganda like that quoted by Inge from G. H. D. Cole, one cannot be surprised at the result. ' To do good work for a capitalist employer,' says the latter, ' is merely

to help a thief to steal more successfully.' Well might the dean declare that ' this is the most deadly poison ever instilled into the veins of civilization.' In a country like ours every man can say what he thinks, whether he be a purveyor of poison-gas or a preacher of goodwill. But in any attempt to analyse the reasons for the prevailing distaste for work these enemies of social order and prosperity should not be forgotten.

The dean's pen surely ran away with him when he contrasted in point of self-respect the English with the Americans and Germans, to the disparagement of the first. Indeed, in another place he fairly contradicts himself, thus showing that even a prophet of the front rank is not infallible. ' Self-respect,' he says, ' is the ground of half the virtues of an Englishman, and the whole population, except the submerged class, has now learned at least some measure of self-respect.' Then it cannot invariably be lack of self-respect which causes men to fritter away their master's time, any more than indisposition to activity. May not self-respect actually be at the bottom of this changed attitude to work? The worker thinks that he is being unfairly treated. That hurts his dignity. He has few ways, things being as they are, of righting the situation, one of which is to refuse to work at all and another to do his work indifferently. He strikes because of self-respect, in order to secure a better standard of living. Maybe the slackness which characterizes him when he is at the bench or the desk has its roots in the same cause. Let it be made easier for him to be the man and live the life of which he dreams, and it is possible that he will come to hold labour in greater esteem.

Work made England, and work alone will maintain her in glory and power. It may be true, as the dean suggests, that the heyday of this country is past. We have, nevertheless, a great function to fulfil in the life of the world. That function can be fulfilled only as in mill, mine, and office we perform our appointed tasks with energy and enthusiasm. That there is a lazy bone somewhere in most people's anatomy is generally admitted. So there is, despite the dean's admiration for them, in most Germans and Americans. Given congenial conditions, you may back the average Englishman against any worker in the world. And it should be the business of every one who believes in the future greatness of this country, notwithstanding present discontents and ominous forebodings, to find out what those conditions are, and to introduce them as speedily as possible into our national life.

# Broad-mindedness and Slack-mindedness

By HERSTON TRAVERS

AT a meeting in which the ' platform ' consisted of clergy and ministers of all denominations one of their number, wishing to demonstrate his broad-mindedness, began his speech by saying, ' Among the few opinions that I hold is the opinion of breadth.' Dear, vague old man, I am afraid he has many followers nowadays. Many of us have become so broad-minded that our opinions have lost all boundaries.

We have scared up the bogey of being narrow-minded, and have been so determined that we would never be guilty of this heinous and supposed early Victorian offence, that we have gone to the other extreme, and our broad-mindedness has become slack-mindedness.

The fact is that our definition of broad-mindedness is at fault. It seems to be ' Don't make too many inquiries; live, and let live.' This is quite incorrect. A broad-minded man is not one who shuts his eyes to facts, his mind to new ideas, or his heart to the cry for help in redressing human wrongs. No! a broad-minded man brings his mind to a problem, inquires into things, and, facing all fairly, forms a reasoned opinion and stands by it, without condemning, in wholesale fashion, those who happen to differ from him.

What we frequently but erroneously term our broad-minded views are simply views we have accepted from friends or newspapers through sheer thought-laziness. We object to worrying out problems of conduct, so we salve our consciences by taking the line of least resistance; but pat ourselves on the back, and complacently tell ourselves we will be charitable and let such matters alone.

Perhaps, in a gathering of friends, someone raises a question that is, or should be, of vital concern to us, such as, ' Do you believe in Methodist Union? ' So often the answer comes, ' Well, you know, I'm very broad-minded; and if Union comes—well, all right, I don't mind.' This is such a feeble attitude to take. There is no attempt to grasp the situation with a fair and open mind; to give it kindly consideration; or to come to a really thoughtful conclusion—a conclusion not based on personal preferences, but on what we consider right and wise for the three Churches irrevocably concerned.

A narrow-minded man will not open his mind to new ideas, but takes for his mottoes in life, 'What has been, must be,' 'No change ever was for the better,' 'No other opinion than mine can be right.'

The slack-minded person does not really consider anything, but is caught by the merest clap-trap or the latest thought-fashion. He makes few if any inquiries into their sanity; but he often uses a few of their catch phrases, and feels himself broad-minded and in the swim of things.

Russellism, Spiritualism, as practised by the majority, Theosophy, Christian Science, and the so-called New Thought are by their very existence really all challenges to the true Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. We hear these ideas and cults discussed in the office, business-house, train, and in the home. Frequently we fear to be called bigoted; so, like Brer Rabbit, 'We lie low and say nuffin.'

If we really study these subjects in an open-minded manner, acknowledging the good therein, condemning the false, and so sifting the wheat from the very large amount of chaff, we can then be said to have an opinion to express. But if, while refusing to study these cults however simply, we pride ourselves the while on our broad-minded refusal to condemn any of them, we are doing untold harm. While others fight to keep the truth shining clearly, we wonder if the Gospel is really quite 'mod'n' enough for our brand of broad-mindedness. Just because someone we know happens to be an advocate of New Thought, it isn't sufficient to say immediately that it is wise teaching or in any sense an adequate substitute for the great truths of the gospel.

There are many nowadays who count it unto themselves for righteousness that they refuse to condemn evil. They excuse flagrant shortcomings in people of their acquaintance, hoping thereby to gain a reputation for being kindly and charitable. A clear-sighted schoolgirl summed up such a person to me by saying, 'Well, *her* good opinion isn't worth having, because she pretends every one is good.'

There is no real kindly charity about such people. They are never found caring for the sinner and helping him to better things. How much better to face the world as it is, and to do our part in making it into God's Kingdom.

Then there are men and women who hide their heads in the sands of ignorance, like the proverbial ostrich, and pretend that, because they cannot, or will not, see the evil, it isn't there. They are just showing how slack-minded they are.

Some problems of conduct which we have to face were more or less solved for our parents and grandparents. Certain things were simply ' not done ' by Methodists; but they had other problems just as difficult.

To-day we are not so much a people set apart and expected to be different from ' the worldly,' so we are tempted to live down to other people's expectations of us; to go with the crowd; but we call ourselves ' more broad-minded than our strait-laced old Methodist ancestors.'

We read a novel that we are half-ashamed of reading, but we do so because ' every one is talking about it.' Then we explain to our consciences that we are much more broad-minded nowadays than we used to be.

If we are parents, we ought surely to face the problem of censoring for our children certain films, books, pictures, papers, and postcards. Are we going to be so slack-minded as to allow our children to see anything a vitiated public taste allows, or are we going to tackle the problem in a fair manner? This question of ' nastiness ' in books, films, or picture papers is one we have no right to shelve by laziness. The same applies to the songs and jokes at the seaside or other concerts. When irreverent jokes or disgusting allusions are made, do we walk out, or do we pretend we don't mind? If every decent man and woman present had the pluck to complain of such things to the management, we should gradually bring about a purer form of entertainment, to which it would be a delight to go. Again, we are so afraid of being jeered at as narrow-minded, that we let the opportunity slip of trying to make the world a little purer and safer. What do your boys and girls think when we laugh — perhaps a little shamefacedly — at these very questionable jokes?

We send them to schools, where we expect high ideals to be put before them, and then in the holidays we take them to entertainments, pantomimes, and cinemas, and let them hear and see what can only blunt their moral sense, and take the bloom off their modesty, and give them a taste for coarseness, immodesty, and the consideration of adult problems which we hope will never come into their lives.

The pendulum has swung as usual to the very opposite extreme.

In the old days children were sometimes driven away from religion by the stern narrow-mindedness of their parents. Nowadays children are almost invited to go by their slack-minded parents. Can we not cultivate really broad minds?

# Miss Miffit's 'Bottom Drawer'

### The Third of the Tales of our Village

By Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN

MISS MIFFIT the dressmaker, who was still considered as a newcomer at Farley village, though she had lived there now for a considerable time, was walking home from Farley Manor, where she had been renovating some of Lady Laverdy's last year's gowns.

It was September; and though only seven o'clock in the evening, it was growing dark. The day had been one of constant drizzle, which had now ceased. But a depressing dampness permeated everything. A small wind had sprung up, which caused showers of leaves to descend about the somewhat forlorn little figure, trudging along the muddy lane which led from the Manor House to Farley village proper. She quickened her steps; for the churchyard had to be passed, and Miss Miffit was a little afraid of churchyards at night.

All at once she became conscious of stealthy footsteps following her. She turned and looked behind—a quick, bird-like glance it was, but long enough for her to see vaguely the figure of a man dart into the shadow of the high bank, and remain motionless.

Really this was very terrifying—almost worse than the churchyard yet to be passed. She forced herself to go quietly round a curve in the lane; then she began to run. She had still nearly a quarter of a mile to go before she would be out of the lane. Her terror increased when she became conscious that someone was running behind her: no stealthy footsteps now, but bold heavy poundings on the rough muddy road. Someone —that man who had hidden in the hedgebank probably—was definitely pursuing her. She ran like a hare. Oh to get out of the lane, even though the churchyard had to be faced! All at once, to her joy, she heard a familiar voice in front of her—that of Martin Price, the cobbler.

'What's wrong?' he asked her. 'Whatever are you running like that for?'

Miss Miffit's fear was allayed. It was so good to hear a voice she knew. She laughed a little nervously, but answered bravely: 'I got a bit scared, Mr. Price,' she told him. 'I thought someone was following me: you do read such things in papers!'

'You come along of me,' the cobbler said soothingly; 'company's good if you're scared. You told me you'd been

brought up in a town. Folks brought up in towns are mostly frightened at country lanes when it's getting dark. I don't reckon any one's been following you.'

Miss Miffit began to think her imagination had been playing tricks with her. There was certainly no sound of following footsteps now.

'I've been to the Manor with boots for they servants,' Martin Price told the little dressmaker. 'Too darned lazy they be to fetch them!'

'I've come from there too,' said Miss Miffit; 'I've been doing up dresses for Lady Laverdy.'

'Did you chance to see that new footman they've got?' asked Martin curiously.

'I saw he was fresh,' acknowledged Miss Miffit, 'and I did think him good-looking.'

'I don't take no stock in good looks,' declared Martin, whose mirror told him no lies. 'I get on without 'em myself. But that young chap seems to me a bit above a servant—and foxy on top of it.'

Miss Miffit did not quite like that word 'foxy' as applied to that good-looking footman, who had been so very polite to her; but she evasively replied that she was not much of a judge of character.

'Well, I reckon I am,' the cobbler declared. 'People that can't read nor write, like me, have to keep their eyes skinned and their ears clear of wax. I ain't much for trusting folks, not till I've proved 'em; and I don't trust banks neither. I make my own bank, for the bit I can save.'

By now the churchyard was passed and Target's shop. The Bowling Green, with its shadowy fringe of trees, was before them. So a good-night was said, and the cobbler made his way to his cottage behind his tiny shop, while Miss Miffit walked a little farther to her own pretty cottage where still a few climber roses made pretty patches of red among the green, and hydrangeas made a brave show in the tiny garden behind.

Miss Miffit inserted a big key in the lock of her door, and entered a dark room. Soon the splutter of a match revealed the whereabouts of the lamp, which she lighted.

It was a friendly room which the light revealed, neat and clean, and not without little comforts. The gaily-cushioned basket-chair had afforded her many a rest after a long day out at the sewing-machine. It was opposite to the diamond-paned window, where a row of flower-pots containing fuchsias and

geraniums filled a narrow shelf and made a dash of vivid colour through the white muslin curtains which hung outside them, covering the window completely. Miss Miffit could see out, she was wont to remark, and passers-by could not see in. Not that this dear little woman had anything to hide, but she liked her privacy. She had a few very innocent secrets, however; the greatest of which was contained in the bottom drawer of an old and really handsome bureau, which had been in her now practically extinct family, for three generations. This bureau occupied one side of the little room to itself, just as the eight-day grandfather-clock had its own corner. The brass handles of the bureau and the brass ornaments of the clock shone brightly, revealing loving care. The woodwork of each of these treasures shone from frequent polishing. The sewing-machine stood by the window. There were pictures on the walls, chiefly portraits of dead-and-gone relations. There was also a hanging bookshelf, containing a few books which Miss Miffit read on Sundays; *The Pilgrim's Progress, Jessica's First Prayer, John Halifax, Gentleman* among them. The round oak table in the middle of the room was another family relic. All these inanimate things were friends in the eyes of the little dressmaker. To-night she felt a delicious sense of security among them, after she had bolted the door. She had really felt frightened in that dark lane.

As she removed her hat and coat she glanced at the mirror over her mantelpiece, and noticed that she was pale. This somehow amused her. What a silly woman she had been to be sure! Why, the man she had been afraid of was probably as innocent of any evil intent as Martin Price she had met later. But she had been paid good money for her week's work for Lady Laverdy, and that money had been in the little bag she carried. Having money with her had probably made her nervous.

She went into her tiny kitchen and put a kettle on an oil-stove for a cup of tea. Then she untied a little parcel she had brought with her, and spread out the contents on the table. They were discarded trifles which Lady Laverdy had given to her—a silk nightdress-case, frayed at the corners; a silk dressing-jacket, which really could be made quite beautiful if 'done-up'; some lengths of ribbon and lace; and half a dozen very fine handkerchiefs, which only wanted careful darning, to be 'a great possession.'

The contents of this parcel were destined by Miss Miffit to swell the accumulation of that 'bottom drawer.'

While waiting for the kettle to boil, Miss Miffit deposited her

money in a secret drawer of her bureau, having first counted it out on the table. Then she sat on the floor by the bureau, and unlocked the bottom drawer. She would look over her treasures. Her face wore a look almost of shame, for the accumulations of this drawer were in view of a possible marriage; and as yet she had never had a lover. Hidden away in her tender heart was a great desire to possess a real home—one with a husband and little children. Every now and then something was added to the drawer.

As she sat on the floor by the open drawer, and took out one thing after another just to look at it, a beautiful blush settled on her pale face,—twelve fine diaper towels, three pairs of fine linen sheets, half-a-dozen embroidered pillow-cases, three damask table-cloths; personal garments, beautifully made. Then, with slim hands that trembled, she drew out a dressed doll, a baby's rattle, a box of tin soldiers, and a Noah's Ark. Some day—oh, perhaps some day!—little hands would play with these, and she would hear glad little voices raised in joy of possession.

All unknown to her a pair of eyes watched her through her window.

She replaced her treasures in the drawer, and locked it. Her thoughts had lit her eyes with a beautiful light. She always looked almost pretty. Now she looked beautiful.

She had scarcely risen to her feet, when there came a knock on her door. It crossed her mind that it might be one of Miss Plunket's servants come about some work for her. But when she opened the door, she saw Lady Laverdy's footman.

'Her ladyship sent me after you, Miss Miffit, with a message; but I twisted my ankle, and couldn't catch you up.'

'Oh,' exclaimed Miss Miffit sympathetically, 'that lane has such deep ruts, and the rain has made it so slippy! Come in, and sit down a bit.'

The footman was quite evidently speaking the truth, for his face was white, and he showed evident signs of pain as he entered the cottage limping.

Miss Miffit forgot everything else when faced by suffering in another. She helped the man across to the cushioned basket-chair, and without any embarrassment demanded to know which was the injured foot, and proceeded to take off the shoe and stocking. She would have done the same for a tramp. She got water and bathed the swollen foot, and bandaged it, the man accepting the service like a helpless child without question.

When she had finished, she said, 'You wait here. I'll go along

to Miss Plunket. She has a car, and she will send you back in it, and the doctor's house is just opposite hers, and I'll ask him to have a look at your foot. He may see more than I can. It's hurting you a lot, I'm afraid?'

The man's face suddenly took on a new expression—one of great anxiety, almost approaching agitation.

'*Please,* Miss Miffit, don't do anything like that!' he begged in a rush of words. 'You have been so very, very kind and sympathetic: I feel sure you will understand. I am but recently come to the Manor House. I was out of a situation a long time. I must not lose this one. If I were taken back in Miss Plunkett's car, or saw a doctor, Sir John might think I was going to be a nuisance about health, and all that. Nobody wants a nuisance, and I must keep my place. I have an old mother in London I want to get comforts for. She has had a hard time while I have been out of work. To-morrow visitors are coming to stay for a few days, and I shall be wanted badly. It is only a sprain I've got, and your kind bathing has done a lot of good. I can go back slowly, and the housekeeper will give me some liniment to rub my ankle with, so I can do my work to-morrow.'

He looked so appealingly into Miss Miffit's eyes, that her own filled with tears. Poor young man! He looked as if he had been 'up against it,' and it was his old mother he was thinking of! Lady Laverdy was very kind and nice, she knew, but she was impatient of servants' ailments, which inconvenienced her. She made a point of engaging strong, healthy servants. For the new footman to be unable to undertake his duties just when visitors were expected would annoy her a lot. Miss Miffit knew her very well. She had worked for her so long. Perhaps the sprain was not serious after all.

'Look here!' she said with animation, 'I'll lend you a pair of goloshes. You can carry your shoes; you might get along like that.'

She had noted that the man had unusually small feet.

She went to the kitchen and brought back the goloshes, one of which she promptly tried on the man's foot, which was now once more in its sock.

'There!' she exclaimed delightedly, 'you'll get along now, I think. But you must wear one on the other foot too.'

He rose from the chair, a fine figure of a man, and he smiled into her face half happily, half sadly.

'You are a good woman,' he said in an almost meditative

tone. 'If there were more like you, the world would be better!'

Miss Miffit's face flushed at his words. He saw this, but went on with quiet earnestness.

'I must give you her ladyship's message. She does not wish you to cut the material you have of hers till she has seen you again.'

Then he put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a little packet addressed and sealed. He held it out to her, saying, 'I am too late for to-day's post, will you be so very kind as to register this off for me to-morrow? I had a month's wages in advance, and most of it is in that packet for my old mother. It is stamped to include registration.'

'Of course I will!' she answered whole-heartedly.

'Thank you,' he answered warmly, 'for this and for all your sweet compassion.'

He held out his hand. As she put her own within it she could not help noting how white and well-kept this hand was. He was gone. The door was again bolted. Miss Miffit sat down in the basket-chair he had vacated and began to think. The spirit of romance within her was very pleasurably roused.

All at once she caught sight of a pair of shoes near her chair. Up she jumped, and hastily tied the laces together, unbolted the door, and ran down the street, the shoes dangling from her hand. He could not have got far yet with a sprained ankle.

She caught him up near Target's shop, saying breathlessly, 'You forgot your shoes, Mr. ——. I don't know your name.'

'How very kind!' he said with feeling. 'I should have had to come back for them. My name is Barnes, Miss Miffit. Not that it matters. I am just the footman now.'

Miss Miffit fancied she detected a trace of bitterness in the last sentence.

Miss Miffit's romantic nature at once suggested that Barnes was above a footman. Perhaps he was even a gentleman. She recalled his well-kept hands.

'We all get ups and downs,' she said lamely.

'Mine have been chiefly "downs" of late,' he told her with a light laugh.

'Then I hope it will be all "ups' soon,' she answered encouragingly.

'Well, anyway, I have been in luck to-night,' he declared. 'You have shown me such kindness. You have cheered me a lot.'

'Were you—unhappy?' she asked hesitatingly.

'Failures usually are,' he replied bitterly.

This got Miss Miffit 'right down.' Tears came into her eyes, though it was too dark for the man to know it.

'Don't you believe it!' she said with warmth. 'I mean, don't think yourself a failure till you've tried a lot yet!'

Just then a boy of about twelve stopped by them, and asked them if they knew where Mr. Price lived.

Miss Miffit answered, 'Do you mean the cobbler?'

'That's him,' answered the boy.

'Well, I'll show you,' she told him. 'You're close there.'

'I'll bid you good-night, Miss Miffit,' said Barnes, extending his hand.

She gave him her own, and received a grip which made her fingers tingle. He limped away, and was soon lost in the shadows.

Miss Miffit stood still for a moment gazing at the void that had swallowed him up. The boy's voice brought her to earth.

'I've walked from Hastings,' he told her, 'and I'm tired and hungry. My mother told me to come to my Uncle Martin. He's her brother, and she's died.'

'Poor boy!' exclaimed Miss Miffit. 'You must be tired indeed—and sad. Martin Price is a kind man. He'll be good to you. He lives all alone. Why, you'll be company for him!'

Together they reached the one-storied cottage behind the cobbler's shop, and knocked upon the door. It was opened at once, and let out a strong odour of bloaters.

'Uncle Martin, mother told me to come to you. She's dead,' said the boy.

'Why, you are Tommy, then?' exclaimed the cobbler. 'My sister Martha's lad. Come along in. Bloaters are cooked.'

Miss Miffit slipped quietly away without old Martin even seeing her. She almost ran home, and, once inside in the lamplight, made for the basket-chair half dazed. Two romances in one evening! There was Barnes who thought himself a failure, and who was so good-looking and so fond of his old mother. There was this boy of twelve, who had walked eleven miles from Hastings, to come to his uncle at Farley, and whose mother had died. Her tender heart was full of sympathy for both. Her heart glowed at the warm reception old Martin had given to his nephew.

An ominous cracking sound stopped her happy reflections. Oh, that kettle on the oil-stove! It had boiled dry! Early next morning Miss Miffit went over to Target's shop (which was also

the post office now) and registered off Barnes's packet. She kept the receipt carefully to give to Barnes when next she saw him. She noticed that the address was ' Mrs. Bruce, 7, Pine Street, Old Kent Road, London.'

' His mother must have married again,' she told herself.

She went about her work that day in an even more cheerful spirit. She had a new, a secret interest in life. This young man who thought himself a failure, and who was so good a son, had appealed to her kind heart more than she herself knew. He had been so grateful, too, for a little kindness. That last handgrip he had given her she could not forget. A blush mounted to her cheek as she thought of it. She was almost angry with herself because this handgrip had faintly suggested a special interest in her.

She was not a little surprised late that afternoon to see Lady Laverdy arrive at her door in Miss Plunket's car. Miss Plunket was with her, and both women appeared a little excited.

' We have come to ask you a few questions, Miss Miffiet—no, not about gowns,' Lady Laverdy began as the door was closed behind them.

Miss Miffit agitatedly placed chairs for her visitors, who, however, remained standing.

' Tell me, Miss Miffit, did you register a letter to-day for my footman? ' asked Lady Laverdy.

' Yes, my lady,' replied Miss Miffit, a little afraid.

' Then what your footman said in the letter he left was true,' commented Miss Plunket.

The latter now seated themselves.

' Miss Miffit, my emeralds have been stolen,' Lady Laverdy said almost tonelessly. ' That footman of mine disappeared last night; but he left a most extraordinary letter behind. He said he had stolen my emeralds and given them to you to register off to-day. He said that something in you had so affected him, that he felt bound to confess. He said you would have the receipt of the registered letter, the contents of which you knew nothing, and that we could get back the jewels if we went at once to the address he gave, and showed his letter. He added a curious message for you. It was, " Tell Miss Miffit, please, that from henceforth I am not going to be a failure." '

The little dressmaker, who till now had been standing, sat down rather suddenly. Her face was white. Her thoughts travelled at express speed. What would they do to him? Oh, they couldn't send him to prison, even if they found him, when

he had told them where to find the stolen emeralds! The temptation had been too strong for him, poor fellow. It had been to help his old mother he had so sinned; she was sure of it.

The voice of Lady Laverdy roused her.

'Do you know anything about this man Barnes, Miss Miffit? I mean, did you know him before he came here?'

'No, my lady,' the dressmaker answered agitatedly. 'I never saw him in my life till he came into your service. I had no conversation with him till he brought your message last night.'

Lady Laverdy and Miss Plunket exchanged a puzzled glance.

'You seem to have exercised an amazing influence on the man in one conversation,' Lady Laverdy remarked a trifle suspiciously.

Miss Plunket broke in at this point, and smiled very kindly at the trembling little seamstress.

'Will you, do you mind telling us just what occurred?'

Miss Miffit told her tale very simply,—all about the sprained ankle, how she had bathed it, and lent the man her goloshes; how she had run after him with the shoes he had left behind, and of their conversation in the street.

'I tried to cheer him,' she said simply. 'He was distressed about his mother, and he called himself a failure. He had been out of a situation a long time. I told him not to think himself a failure till he had tried a lot more. I suppose, when he got away, he thought about what he had given me to register, and he repented. Miss Plunket, that packet was registered to Mrs. Bruce, not Barnes. Now, after what you tell me, I can't think that it was addressed to his mother at all, but to some person who would buy the emeralds and send the money to his mother. He would never be so fond of a mother who was not good; and a good mother would never take emeralds like those to turn into money without question.'

Miss Miffit had become quite heated.

'We shall find out all about that,' Lady Laverdy said with decision.

'And, my lady, you will be merciful?' pleaded Miss Miffit.

'I'll see to that,' said Miss Plunket. 'Lady Laverdy and I shall at once motor over to London together.'

Miss Plunket looked very determined.

Lady Laverdy had been studying Miss Miffit's candid face, and appeared to arrive at a definite opinion, and one very appreciative of the little dressmaker. She said to her very gently:

'Sir John knows nothing of the loss of the emeralds. He has gone to paint a portrait of a Royal personage. There is no reason he should know, if I get the emeralds back; and perhaps, Miss Miffit, I shall be able to help Barnes and his mother.'

'God bless you, my lady!' exclaimed Miss Miffit.

Miss Miffit did not sleep that night. She prayed persistently for the man who had yielded to a great temptation. She prayed for his old mother.

Late the next night a motor-car stopped before her cottage. She was sure it was Lady Laverdy and Miss Plunket, and opened her door.

Miss Plunket alone entered. She looked spent and weary, yet happy.

'Lady Laverdy has remained in town,' she said as she sank into Miss Miffit's basket-chair. 'She is helping about the funeral of Barnes's mother and seeing to everything. We recovered the emeralds from Mrs. Bruce, who keeps a pawn-shop. She gave us Mrs. Barnes's address. The poor woman had pawned many things with her. We found Barnes with his mother, who was dying in a miserable little workman's flat. Barnes was tenderness personified to that dying woman—a woman who looked refined, and above that class. Oh, I can't talk about it! But I want you to know that Barnes is coming back with Lady Laverdy, and his mother's illness and death are to account for his sudden disappearance. No one except Lady Laverdy and myself and you in Farley know, or will ever know, about those emeralds. Mrs. Barnes never knew; nor did she know that her son had pawned his watch for the beef-tea with which he was feeding her when we came in. She was able to speak, and told us what a devoted son he had been, and how thankful she was that he had a post at last after being out of one so long. He had been a clerk in a bank, she said, but it had broken. Miss Miffit, your Christian kindness saved that young man from going on the rocks,' she ended up.

Miss Miffit wept for joy after Miss Plunkett had gone. The old mother had gone to her rest happily. Barnes was reinstated. He would have his chance. And—and she would see him again. It was curious how this last fact made her innocent heart thump against her breast. She could never have told why, but before going to bed she once more unlocked that 'Bottom Drawer' in the old bureau and lovingly handled the contents.

# Reminiscences

By J. SCOTT LIDGETT, M.A., D.D.

## III.

MY life has been devoted to the work of the Christian ministry, as I have understood it; and in its course I have been called upon to discharge all the tasks that are involved in such ministry as carried on by the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Yet, subject to this major obligation, my chief activities have been concerned with theological writing and teaching, with the foundation and direction of the Bermondsey Settlement, and with public affairs. In dealing with all these in succession, it is necessary to draw aside the veil and describe certain inward and decisive experiences in regard to them all, which have, I think, both religious and psychological significance. In speaking frankly and fully about these, I will endeavour simply to state what happened, trusting to avoid any suspicion of egotism or of exaggeration. Hitherto I have kept these matters strictly to myself.

To begin with, I must give a brief account of the way in which my call to the ministry came to me. As I have already said, my family, and especially my uncle, had intended that I should enter into business. I had, however, set my heart upon going to the Bar, and had consulted my uncle, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Percy Bunting about it. But in the summer of 1870, when I was sixteen years of age, my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Budgett of Bristol, invited me, with my cousin Frank Lidgett, to stay with them at Whitby. On the Sunday morning we all went to an old Wesleyan chapel, where the service was conducted by an old-fashioned Wesleyan minister, whose name, as far as I am aware, I never knew. He took for his text the great passage of Ezekiel (iii. 17-21) beginning, 'Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel: therefore hear the word at My mouth, and give them warning from Me.' The sermon in itself was commonplace, but the shaft went home. I left the service with the words 'His blood will I require at the watchman's hand' ringing in my ears and smiting me to the heart. To my relations I appeared to be completely occupied with the opening phases of the Franco-German War, with *Pickwick*, and with the ordinary pleasures of the seaside. But inwardly a hard though short and decisive struggle was taking place, and before the holiday

was over I had irrevocably devoted myself to the work of the ministry. My only hesitation came four years afterwards, when my cousin, who was marked out to join his father in business, and had shown brilliant promise, died of typhoid fever contracted in Italy. My uncle, however, soon relieved my anxiety by generously telling me that the irreparable blow that had come to him should not be allowed to make any difference to my career.

***The Guiding Hand.***

The same kind of decisive intervention has determined every turning-point of my subsequent course. My earliest subsequent concern had to do with theology. In September 1877 I was taking a short vacation at home. One morning, as I was walking on Blackheath (I can point out the exact spot), there came to me a vivid intimation, ' You have got to write a book upon the Atonement, and afterwards to try to show that Christianity is the final and absolute Religion, taking up into itself all that is true in the rest.' So deep was the impression thus suddenly made upon me, without any previous deliberation, that when I went in the same week to The Leys to report progress to Dr. Moulton, I told him tentatively that I felt something had to be done to restate the doctrine of the Atonement. For years this concern slumbered, except that, when called upon at the end of my probation to read a paper to a ministerial association in Southport, I gave a slight sketch of the subject, which was delivered too hurriedly, through shyness, to make much impression. I made no special study whatever of the doctrine or of its history. When, later on, the summons came to me to bury myself, as it seemed, in settlement work at Bermondsey, I placed theological science among the things that I was called to renounce. Yet just the opposite happened. Hitherto I had felt too distrustful of myself to embark upon theological teaching otherwise than in preaching. But in 1893 the late Mr. Foot, first lieutenant of Mr. Bradlaugh, delivered an anti-Christian lecture at the Gladstone Club in Bermondsey. I felt constrained to answer him, and obtained leave from the club to give a lecture in reply. From that time onwards I gave regular courses of public lectures in exposition and defence of the Christian Religion, with the result that my diffidence and hesitation were overcome.

In 1894 I attended the Birmingham Conference, and went one Friday, to hear Dr. George Findlay deliver his Fernley Lecture in Carr's Lane Chapel. Towards the conclusion he

spoke briefly of the Atonement. Immediately a constraining influence came upon me, and I bent forward in the pew and made a first sketch of my book on a scrap of paper. On the following Monday morning I sought out Dr. Moulton in the Queen's Hotel, and told him, in a stammering way, that I felt called to write a book on the Atonement. To my immense surprise, he said at once, 'Why should you not deliver a Fernley Lecture on the subject?' I spent my summer holiday elaborating my preliminary sketch, and submitted it to him in the following September, with the result that he arranged with the Rev. Charles H. Kelly that I should be the Fernley lecturer in 1897. From that time onwards my holidays and every moment that I could snatch from other duties were devoted to completing my book on *The Spiritual Principle of the Atonement,* which is now in its seventh edition.

***My Fernley Lecture.***

I had come to see that as the Fatherhood of God, properly understood, is the highest, so it is the universal relationship in which He stands to mankind, however lacking may be the response of sonship. His Fatherhood embraces and, so to speak, informs and controls all such consequential relationships as sovereignty, &c. Hence the ways of God with men, including the Atonement, must be capable of explanation in terms of this all-embracing Fatherhood, as made manifest in his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. This Fatherhood must determine the spiritual principle of the Atonement, at once bringing it into line with the gracious purpose of God and calling into full and redemptive expression the true spiritual life of man.

The book seeks to explain and elaborate this point of view. But all was not plain sailing. A few weeks before the Conference at which the lecture was to be delivered, the proofs were held up by the Methodist Publishing House. It was only when Dr. Moulton (to whom the book was dedicated) and I obtained an interview with Mr. Kelly and Mr. Watkinson at the Book-Room, that we learnt that a reviewer, who had been supplied with advance proofs, had brought a charge of heresy against me, and that, without my knowledge, the proof-sheets had been dispatched to the President, Dr. Randles, at the Irish Conference. Eventually Dr. Randles replied that the lecture did not take sufficient account of Divine Justice, and that, if the Fernley Lecture was established to support Methodist doctrines, then this lecture was not entitled to a place in the series. With his usual determination, however, Mr. Kelly,

without referring to me, gave orders that the book was to be pressed forward for publication; and I went to the Conference at Leeds not knowing what would happen, save that Dr. Moulton had told me that, if necessary, he would defend the book in the Conference. Without going further into details, I need only add that the lecture was delivered, that Dr. Davison gave it a generous and approving review, and that subsequently Dr. Robertson Nicol bore witness to its orthodoxy in a *British Weekly* leading article. This story has its interest and importance; but I should not have told it had it not been for the sequel. In 1902 Dr. Randles asked me to allow him to nominate me for a theological chair, and one of his latest acts was to get my next book on *The Fatherhood of God* (which sets forth exactly the same view as the Fernley Lecture), placed in the Rylands Library in Manchester. His last communication saying that he had been successful, reached me only a few days before he died. Of my other books, it is only necessary to say that in them I have sought to fulfil the second part of what I felt in 1877 to be my commission, namely, to endeavour to present the Christian religion as final and absolute, transcending, yet containing all elements of truth in other religions.

I may perhaps be permitted to add one remark of a psychological nature. The late Dr. J. H. Jowett once said to me that I must be possessed of a remarkable subliminal consciousness, and many people have inquired how I have managed to carry through so many and such various activities. My answer to them has been that, whatever has been successful in my speech or writing, has always burst upon me complete in outline, and that twelve years of weekly editorial dictation has given me in later years great rapidity, when at ease, in clothing such attempts in verbal expression. Hence very little time is taken up in preparation.

***The Bermondsey Settlement.***

It has been necessary to outstrip the course of events in order to give a connected account of my theological work; and I now retrace my steps in order to tell of the way in which the Bermondsey Settlement was founded, and to describe the nature of its activities. I entered upon my ministry at Cambridge with a deep though undefined sense that it was to prove momentous in my career. I went there, as I have already explained, much concerned about the growing separation and consequent estrangement of classes, and with a varied experience of a good many kinds of social enterprise, especially in regard to the

advancement of popular education. It was at a time when what was called the Condition of the People problem was coming to occupy the foreground of public attention, when the obligation resting upon the educated classes to share their advantages with the less favoured was coming to be realized, and when various projects for fulfilling this obligation were being set on foot with a truly religious enthusiasm. The University Extension Movement had by that time established itself, owing to the leadership of Professor James Stuart and the little band of pioneers, including Richard Green Moulton, who co-operated with him. Toynbee Hall had been recently established in Whitechapel by the Rev. Samuel Barnett; and his example was followed by the subsequent foundation of the Oxford House in Bethnal Green and of the Women's University Settlement in Southwark. These first Settlements aimed at a great improvement and extension of the ideal of the various College and Public School Missions, which owed their initiation largely to Bishop Thorold. Miss Cons had already successfully transformed the 'Old Vic' from a low-class theatre and music-hall into the home of great opera and popular science, brought within the reach of the working classes of South London and warmly appreciated by them. What was then called 'The Bitter Cry of Outcast London,' in respect particularly to housing, was beginning to be heard. The Wesleyan Methodist Church had already established the East End Mission under Peter Thompson; and the West Central Mission opened its campaign in the autumn of 1887 under the leadership of Hugh Price Hughes, supported by Mrs. Hughes with her Sisterhood and by Mark Guy Pearse. All these new movements had awakened my deepest sympathy; but I felt that something was wanting in the slogan of the Forward Movement in Methodism that 'God cared not only for souls but for bodies.' I wanted to add '*minds*,' and also to secure the public recognition of the need of transforming social conditions by the co-operation of all classes and not merely of palliating existing evils by charitable help. I hoped to arouse sympathy with all these ideals among such members of the University as might come under my influence.

***Life in Cambridge.***

On my arrival in Cambridge Dr. Moulton at once transferred to me the leadership of the University Society Class and the general oversight of the University Wesley Society, which he had hitherto exercised. In this way I was brought immediately

into weekly contact with a very brilliant group of University men. Among them were W. P. Workman, who became Fellow of Trinity, and James Hope Moulton, who became Fellow of King's, that autumn; A. C. Dixon, Senior Wrangler in 1886; A. W. Flux and J. D Michell, Senior Wranglers in 1887; W. E. Brunyate, Second Wrangler in 1888, subsequently Smith's Prize Man and Fellow of Trinity (now Sir William Brunyate, K.C.M.G.); G. T. Walker, Senior Wrangler in 1889 (now Sir Gilbert Walker); Owen Thompson (now K.C.), who distinguished himself in the Classical Tripos of 1889; and A. C. Barber, distinguished in Natural Science, were among this band, which was recruited later on by W. J. Brown from Australia, whose early distinction in the Law Tripos has been followed by a series of professorships in Law, by Walter (now the Right Hon. Walter) Runciman, and by McCurdy (now the Right Hon. A. L. McCurdy), who came to the Sunday night meetings as a Primitive Methodist. These are only some of the outstanding names of members of the class and of the Society. I soon began to start Recreative Evening Classes in the town, with the help of certain distinguished University tutors, and joined the Executive of the Charity Organization Society, which was largely under the influence and had the unremitting service of Professor Henry Sidgwick.

In all these ways the train was laid, and only the spark was needed to kindle the flame. It came about as follows. On the last Sunday in November, Temperance Sunday was observed as usual, and on the evening of that day I preached a sermon at Hill's Road Chapel to a large congregation, partly composed of The Leys School, which had then no chapel of its own, and with a fair sprinkling of undergraduates. My text was, ' And whether one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it ' (1 Cor. xii. 26). Deeply moved by my subject, I endeavoured to describe the spiritual, intellectual, and physical conditions which did so much to strengthen the temptations in crowded cities to intemperance, and dealt in a way that has since become familiar with the wholeness of society, and with the spiritual loss sustained by the well-to-do, educated, and leisured from their failure to share their advantages and to co-operate with the industrial classes in remedying these adverse and demoralizing conditions. On the following day I learned from many sources of the deep impression my sermon had made upon the congregation, and especially on the masters and boys of The Leys School. That week I heard what seemed to me to

be a clear call. I well remember how on the following Thursday night, as I was returning from a country appointment at the little village of Quy, I stood under a moonlight but stormy sky and vowed to God that I would renounce all other interests and seek to lead a movement to give practical and permanent expression to the sympathy my sermon had been the means of evoking. It seemed to me that I must endeavour to plant a colony, somewhat on the lines of Toynbee Hall, in one of the poorest districts of London, to be carried on in a distinctively evangelical spirit, but with the broadest possible educational and social aims.

***Dr. Moulton's Help.***

I waited until Christmas, and then laid the scheme with some fear and trembling before Dr. Moulton. He at once warmly welcomed the proposal, and gave me, from that hour to the end of his life, his most generous trust, his wise counsel, and his unstinted support. I felt, however, that I owed it to the Cambridge Circuit to complete my three years' term of ministry before entering upon this new task, should Conference permit. Hence we agreed to take no immediate step, save that in the summer of 1888 I went over to Oxford, at the instance of Dr. Moulton, to consult the Principal of Mansfield College as to the possibility of a joint movement. Dr. Fairbairn promised his co-operation; but withdrew some time afterwards, explaining that he had been appealed to by the Rev. F. W. Newland, then a minister in Canning Town, to help in the establishment of a Settlement there. This Settlement, known as Mansfield House, though its inception was later than that of the Bermondsey Settlement, was opened in the summer of 1891, a few weeks before we got to work in Bermondsey. In the beginning of 1889 meetings of the University Wesley Societies were held at Cambridge and Oxford on successive nights, Dr. Moulton accompanying me to the former and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Percy Bunting to the latter. Resolutions at both meetings were passed supporting the scheme. Later on I visited the principal Wesleyan schools throughout the country (excluding The Leys, which had just started the Leysian Mission), in the hope that they might find in the new Settlement something equivalent to a joint School Mission, one of my main objects being to bring all public and Wesleyan schools to accept the ideals of personal social service in the widest sense.

Meanwhile Dr. Moulton and I went to work to ascertain what part of poorest London was most in need of the establishment

of such a Settlement as we proposed. The evidence went to show that Bermondsey was almost unhelped at that time by personal service from outside. 'Here in South-east London,' wrote a young man, 'we have nothing between heaven and hell, the church and the public-house.' Dr. Moulton brought the proposal before both sessions of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference at Sheffield in 1889. Resolutions were passed giving general approval, and appointing a provisional committee to prepare the scheme. The very night that the Representative Session gave its consent, I travelled to London from Sheffield, and bought the site in the midst of the waterside population of Bermondsey upon which the Settlement has been built. Before I left Sheffield I received £500 from the late Mr. T. Morgan Harvey, who became our first Treasurer, and £500 from the late Mr. Mewburn. With the aid of Dr. Moulton I had already secured a Guarantee Fund of £500 a year for three years towards the maintenance of the work when set on foot.

[*To be continued*]

# An Historic Life of Christ

Professor Burkitt says in the preface to this Life (Benn, 15*s*.) that Dr. Warschauer writes as a Modernist. 'He has been doing what indeed has often been done before, as readers of Albert Schweitzer's *Quest of the Historical Jesus* know, and what he has done will have to be done again and again.'

The work is dedicated to Scheitzer, and its character quickly comes out in the discussion of the birth stories. Jesus is the Son of Joseph and Mary; the birth at Bethlehem, the guiding star, and other records of the infancy are legendary. These narratives embody, in picture-language, precisely the same feeling about our Lord which the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews expressed in speaking of Him as 'the effulgence of God's glory, and the very image of His person.' The miracles of healing are cures by suggestion or faith healing; the raising of Lazarus is explained as a legend. The feeding of the five thousand is reduced to a Last Supper by the Lake, not intended to satisfy a hungry crowd, 'for these folk were not starving.' The Resurrection itself is explained on the lines of Kirsopp Lake's surmise, that the women were misled as to the empty tomb by some bystander, who said, 'You are looking in the wrong place; behold'—pointing to the correct spot—'the place where they laid Him.'

There is little gospel left when Dr. Warschauer has finished, and we are calmly asked to accept theories which tax our credulity much more than the Gospels themselves.

# What Real Friendship Is

## THE SAVIOUR'S LAST APPEAL TO HIS DISCIPLES

By MARK GUY PEARSE

LET us join the little company in the Upper Room, and listen eagerly to that last appeal. The sacred memories of the Crucifixion compel within us the longing that He should see in us the travail of His soul and be satisfied. Let us linger over His words until we are fully surrendered for such a blessed ministry to our Master. That it is possible is the demand on our love and obedience.

We must take for our study the fifteenth chapter of St. John's gosopel—the parable of the vine.

***Three Key Words.***

There are three key words. The first word is fruit. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit He taketh away. In the vine it is fruit or nothing. I was preaching in Dr. Andrew Murray's Church in South Africa, and was reading this chapter. I turned and asked him, 'What is the good of a vine if you do not get grapes out of it?' His reply was instant—'Capital firewood. Men gather them and they are burned.'

Fruit is the vegetable life given away. Pass down the street and look at the fruit shops—oranges, bananas, apples, pears. Here is the fruit, but the trees are rooted and fixed far away. The fruit is sent for the happy refreshment of the people. The vine is worth what it gives away.

He that abideth in Me, and I in him, bringeth forth much fruit; for without Me ye can do nothing.

We all accept that at once, without Him we can do nothing. But there is another side of vast importance that we overlook. There is that mysterious dependence of Him on us. The root says to the branch without me you can do nothing. But the branch says to the root, without me you can do nothing. There is no fruit in the root, the fruit is in the branch. The root gives its life to the branch that the branch may give its fruit to the world. The world can only see Him in us. We bring to the world the proof that our Saviour is the source of the true life.

The next key word is *love*. We all know what love is. Poets sing of it; philosophers analyse it. But who can define it? Here it is. As fruit is the vine given away, so is love the life of God and man given away. You cannot separate love from that

giving. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. He loved me and gave Himself for me. The sun is worth the light and heat it gives away. And we are worth the life we give away. So are we one with the highest Heaven and with the fruits of the earth through love.

The third key word is *joy*. These things have I spoken unto you that My joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full. It is almost startling to find the Lord Jesus speaking of His joy, when His soul was exceeding sorrowful, and when so near was that awful death of the Cross. It is a sun burst through the darkness in which He sees what lies beyond it all—who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame. The joy of Jesus is a more glorious fullness of giving.

Let us meditate on it until we feel all the force of this truth. He who is the root gives Himself to the branch that through the branch His Life may flow in fruit into the world, and in His giving of the life we are to find His joy and our fullness of joy. I am the vine, ye are the branches.

***The One Command—Love One Another.***

*Ye are My friends if ye love one another.*—St. John xv. We will continue our study of this chapter. *This is My commandment.* There is but one—keep that and we keep all—that ye love one another even as I have loved you. Here we may well think. For us, alas, can it ever be possible to love with a love so infinite as His love to us? Yet let us be bold to take the words, with the assurance that the very command is the pledge of grace to fulfil it. Ye are My friends.

What is friendship? to be at home with one; to find an open door, to throw off all reserve, to open the innermost heart. Ye are those, says the Lord Jesus, with whom I can make Myself at home, if ye love one another.

The Lord Jesus wrote seven letters and never sent His love. St. Paul could not write without a greeting for many friends. There were those living to whom a word of remembrance from their Lord would have been as the breath of Heaven. But at the end of the letter comes the postscript—Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man will hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him. He never sends His love, He always brings it.

The door that is shut against any is shut against Him. *Ye are My friends if*—— Does the Lord pause at that word 'if'? Do the troubled disciples look up and hint that there could be any doubt or question as to their friendship? But there stands

that stern ' if '—if ye love one another. It was a backward look of terrible appeal. The moment they began to dispute amongst themselves, that moment they ceased to be His friends. From that moment the Lord is left in awful loneliness. They are coming down from the mount, and when they reach the house, Jesus said, ' What was it that ye disputed so angrily as ye came along the way? ' If He had been with them He would not have asked. Think of it! He alone, facing all that awaited Him in Jerusalem, and on the breeze there came the noisy wrangling as to who should be the greatest.

Then they are in the way going up to Jerusalem. ' And as they followed they were afraid.' He alone, going as if out for some desperate purpose. Then He stops, and again tells them how it was all to end. Then there came one desiring to speak to Him. The quarrel has opened, and here is the mother of John and James claiming the first place for her sons. That dispute unfitted them for friendship—their thought was absorbed each for his own. And yet still more dreadful was it at the last supper, when the Lord, as if realizing all the agony of that death, went from one to another—This is My body which is broken for you; this is My blood which is shed for you. There, then, as if their Lord were all forgotten, even in such an hour, there was a dispute among them as to who should be the greatest.

So stood that stern condition of friendship with Him; so stands it for us as for them. He who shuts the door against any shuts the door against Him. Alas! who has not proved it?—some outbreak of angry temper; some old feud and ill-will; some greedy grasp for gain or ambition, unbrotherly; some cruel breath of scorn—and the friendship is broken. He stands again outside the door alone: and we sit alone in the inner chamber of the heart.

Ye are My friends, if ye love one another.

## WESLEY AS A WORLD FORCE

*' Had Methodist sentiment prevailed, prohibition of the liquor traffic would have been enacted and enforced fifty years ago.'*

*' Canadian Methodism has felt under no obligation to apologize for making the great adventure of passing into the United Church of Canada.'*

*In our April number Dr. Chown writes on THE INFLUENCE OF WESLEY UPON CANADA, whose saddle-bag preachers filled ' this new land with the sparkling romance of Christian heroism.'*

# A Heart Specialist

By JOHN TELFORD, B.A.

DR. MACNAIR WILSON has set himself to describe a great man, and everyone who reads his *Sir James Mackenzie* (Murray, 12*s.* net), will feel that he has succeeded. He writes of him as the master from whom he learnt his art, and whom he holds in love and reverence. They met for the last time at Mackenzie's London flat in Albert Hall Mansions, when he spoke bravely about the future, though he was stricken with angina pectoris. 'I am not afraid of death.' He stopped a little, but 'the old-time impression of strength was still there; the old-time joy and mirth of very sweet and very simple natures. No wonder his working-class patients in the northern town called him "the beloved physician," in those far-off days before his name rang through the world as the maker of a new conception of the physician's art!' His biographer regards him as the greatest doctor of our generation. 'He was a great man of science, a great observer, a great thinker, a great controversialist. But over and above all these things, he was a great man, a great friend, true in heart, noble in spirit, dauntless in courage.'

***Finding His Vocation.***

He was a Highlander, born in the parish of Scone on April 12, 1853, within a stone's throw of the ruins of the ancient abbey where the Kings of Scotland were anointed with the sacred oil on the Stone of Destiny. Close to the Abbey was their Palace, within easy reach of Perth. Day by day the boy went from his father's farm to the parish school, and later to the famous Grammar School of Perth where Chief Justice Mansfield, Charles Wesley's schoolfellow at Westminster, had once been a pupil. The boy did not shine at school. He did best where his understanding rather than his memory was called forth. He was allowed three halfpence for his dinner, and remembered how he overtook his friend, William Archer, the translator of Ibsen, reading *Pickwick* as he walked home and 'stopping every now and then to yell with laughter.' Archer was only allowed a penny for his dinner, and used to buy a halfpenny bun, and a halfpennyworth of sweets, which he sucked on the way home to put off the craving for food. At fifteen Mackenzie became apprenticed to a chemist in Perth, and though he soon tired of the work, his mother encouraged him to serve out his term, and when he

was twenty his master offered to take him into partnership on the easiest terms. That was a high tribute, for the business was the largest and most lucrative in Perth.

He began to study medicine at Edinburgh at the age of twenty-one. He worked like a slave, and committed long passages from lectures to memory, so that he managed to scrape through the early part of his examination, and entered on his clinical work with such zeal that in his last year he won three medals. He took his degree in 1878 at the time when Lister was applying Pasteur's germ theory in his operations at Glasgow with astonishing results.

***A General Practitioner.***

After supplying as locum tenens at Spennymoor, he became an under house-doctor in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and in 1879 went as assistant to two doctors in Burnley, the younger of whom, when teaching Anatomy in Edinburgh, had formed a high opinion of Mackenzie's ability. Burnley soon laid hold of him. 'Its work-soiled streets, filled morning and evening with the click-click of wooden clogs, as men and women went forth to and returned from their labours, made vivid contrasts with the quiet ways of his native Perth, or even with the thoroughfares of Edinburgh.' He felt that the only standard here was achievement, and knew himself at home. Dr. Briggs, the senior partner, was terrified at draughts, and marvelled at the young man's love of his bath; but he had been a distinguished student at University College Hospital in London, and was a shrewd observer, who knew the face of disease, and set himself to ward off evil that seemed to threaten his patients.

It was a splendid school for medicine as applied to life, and at the end of a year Mackenzie became a partner with a third share in the practice. 'Almost every day some man or some woman appealed to him in sore anxiety and distress, to say just what his or her trouble meant, and to ask how it might be cured.' Before long he set himself to find out the nature of the symptoms and signs that he met with among his patients. He did not call it research work, for he shared as yet the general opinion that such work must be done in a laboratory or a hospital. One night a young wife died of sudden heart failure as her child was about to be born. He asked himself in anguish whether the patient would have died had he known more about heart affections. That experience made him a heart specialist. He pored over the tracings made by a clever little instrument, the Dudgeon Pulse writer. Then he studied the pulsating veins of

the neck, and found them not less varied and more bewildering than the waves of the pulse.

Meanwhile he had found his life partner in Miss Jackson, who was governess to the daughters of a colliery proprietor, whose family were his patients. They were married in 1887, and Mackenzie told Dr. Wilson, 'She is everything to me—everything. We shared it all from the very beginning.'

***Studies of the Heart.***

His heart research was growing more absorbing. At first he used a large drum which revolved by clockwork and carried smoked paper on which pens, moved by tambours, marked the heart-beats. Then he devised a little instrument which he could carry about in his pocket. It was derided by some as a toy, but it was both accurate and serviceable. By degrees he learned to detect the symptoms with his finger, and put his instruments away. He was now enormously busy as surgeon, physician, and obstetrician. The practice was becoming the best in East Lancashire, with county families, middle-class folk, and artisans on its list of patients. Mackenzie discovered that the chambers of the heart might fail to keep step with one another, and knew that he was getting at the truth, though the 'giants' of the profession regarded his work with complete indifference. He was as eager as a detective in his study of cases. He was trying to find out how symptoms of ill-health were produced, and watching to see what would happen to those who showed these symptoms. He rescued hundreds of men and women from despair by telling them there was nothing wrong with their hearts and restored them to their daily work. He invented his ink polygraph, which could take continuous tracings of the behaviour of the heart. All the heart specialists in Europe and America eventually bought it. Mackenzie himself began to realize that the first step in all research work is to discover the 'true scent.' That was his 'greatest contribution to the Science of Medicine.' The response of the heart to effort was the real test of its condition. He was able at last to foresee danger, and to guard against it.

***Removal to Harley Street.***

When he was fifty-four, he left his safe and honoured position in Burnley, and came to London as a heart specialist. It was a great venture; but he felt that it was necessary if his discoveries were to become known. In the first year he earned £114, in the second £1,000, and this rose till it reached £8,000. He ascribed the jump in the second year to his book on *Diseases of the Heart.*

It annoyed him, however, to think that he was honoured as the Man of the Polygraph, the Man of the Tracings, not as the Man who had learned to Foresee Danger. ' To think that the husks had been valued, while the fruit was ignored! ' He wrought many wonders in his simple consulting-room at Harley Street. One patient consulted him because of an intermittent heart. He had seen eminent physicians in America, who ordered him to go for treatment to Nauheim. On his way he consulted Mackenzie, who found that his whole trouble was due to his consciousness of the intermission of the heart-beat. The doctor asked him when the next ship left for America, and told him to take it, get back to his work, and never feel his pulse again. He went, and was able to report later that he was in good health. ' When he had too much office work, he was still conscious of the intermissions; but when he took an active holiday in the woods, hunting and shooting, the intermissions disappeared.'

***The Mackenzie School.***

By degrees a Mackenzie School grew up. He turned over the study of the electrocardiograph to his disciples, and by it Sir Thomas Lewis gained an international reputation. He never lost his conviction that only in general practice can a man learn how to foresee danger to his patient and how to prevent it. Everyone trusted and loved him. His knowledge proved of the utmost value in dealing with what was called ' the soldier's heart ' in the Great War. The poison of trench fever could give rise to breathlessness and pain, but that was not due to heart failure.

In 1918, when the War was drawing to an end, he left a practice which was leading him quickly on the way to fortune, and settled in St. Andrews, where he established weekly out-patients clinics for cases brought to him by the general practitioners of the town. Doctors from all the surrounding country attended, and an Institute for Clinical Research was established. He was its presiding genius. An old woman was heard to say as he passed her door: ' There's the auld doctor frae London who has garred the doctors here ken that they ken naethin.' He carried on his own research, though he soon knew that he had angina pectoris, the disease which he had studied so intensively. Despite this knowledge, he took work as a consultant that he might give the fees to his Institute. As his own disease gained hold, he was advised to return to London, where, on January 26, 1925, ' the bravest and truest man,' Dr. Wilson ' ever knew went out, softly and serenely, to his rest.'

# An Old Anthem-Book

By JAMES T. LIGHTWOOD

THE publication of Wilde's anthem-book seems to suggest that Methodist musicians did not find full scope for their powers and their ambitions in the words of the collection of hymns that Wesley had bequeathed to them. Not that they found any fault with the sentiments so poetically expressed therein; but what they complained of was, in effect, that the severe and somewhat inelastic form of the hymn-tune did not provide enough opportunity for musical effect on great occasions.

Moreover, the choice of music was decidedly limited; that is, if singers confined their attention to the collection in *Sacred Harmony,* which was, or at any rate which was supposed to be, their official guide in the matter of suitable music. That collection contained one hundred and twenty tunes, and doubtless the singers did not think that they afforded sufficient variety for a hymn-book which contained more than four times as many hymns. Was there ever any attempt to go outside these authorized collections of hymns and music, and provide some needful variety to sustain the interest and musical instincts of the singers?

The answer to this question is found not only in this Sheffield anthem-book of Wilde's which has already been described, but also in another scarce pamphlet, also of Yorkshire origin, the place of its birth being Hull. It bears the title

HYMNS selected from various authors; to be sung at the METHODIST CHAPEL, George Yard, Hull.
Printed by W. Cowley, Hull. 1798.
Price twopence.

The Introduction to this little collection of twenty-seven hymns or ' pieces ' is so interesting, and throws such a light on the conditions that prevailed in those days, that I have no hesitation in reproducing it.

TO THE READER.

The design of this small collection of Hymns is, that those detached pieces of music which are frequently sung in the Methodist Chapel in George Yard, before Sermons, may be more generally understood, which cannot fail of being accomplished in those who have any taste for sacred Music, when they have the words in their Hands, they may with ease attend to and obtain a perfect knowledge of the Tunes, so that in a very short time

they will be generally sung throughout the Congregation at large.

Singing the praise of God in the great congregation is the highest employment the children of men can be engaged in, here upon earth; it comes the nearest (so far as we can judge), to the employment of angels and arch-angels, cherubin and seraphin, and the spirits of the just made perfect in the heavenly state. It is calculated both to spiritualize the affections and to impress the memory at the same time.

As a part of divine worship, it becomes the duty of all Christians to perform the same in the most acceptable manner possible. That this part of the worship of Almighty God may be performed to His Glory and the edification of His Church, I take the present opportunity to propose two or three things to the Congregation, which, if attended to, will greatly contribute to remove those improprieties which have occasioned discord, and deservedly brought reproach upon us. First, let the Congregation at large give strict attention to the Leader, and the singers in the singing Pew, and be careful neither to go before nor to lag behind; in either case discord must be the consequence.

Secondly. Let all the women who can, strive to sing (not one in ten only) the repeats or the parts allotted to them.

And Thirdly. See that the men never join in the women's part (except they can sing the Bass with Propriety). To do this, is to destroy the beauty, simplicity and excellency, for which the Methodist Congregations in general, and those in Yorkshire in particular, have been so justly admired.

*Hull,* 1798. T. H.

It would be interesting to know whom these initials represent. He certainly was not one of the trustees, as there is no name to fit them in the list given in W. H. Thompson's records of the George Yard Chapel. Nor was he a minister, as the two who were stationed at Hull in 1798 were Joseph Benson (who was President of the Conference that year) and Robert Lomas. In the Wesleyan Conference Library there is an autobiography of Benson, which still remains in manuscript carefully bound in four large volumes. There is no reference in this to the services at George Yard, nor do we find any intimation as to who T.H. was. Probably it is quite safe to assume that he was the leader of the singing at the chapel, and the publication of the pamphlet is sufficient evidence of his desire to add new interest to the musical part of the service.

Here is a list of the pieces in this book. In each case the

words are given in full. This seems to suggest that the book was intended for the use of the congregation. It will be seen that some of the pieces were known by titles, as well as by the first line of the hymn :—

1. ' Come, Thou Soul-transforming Spirit.' 2. ' Beyond the glittering, starry sky.' 3. The Fall of Babylon : ' In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone.' 4. ' Jerusalem divine ! ' 5. ' At Jacob's well a stranger sought.' 6. Hosannah : ' Come, angels ! seize your harps of gold.' 7. The Promised Land : ' Happy beyond description he.' 8. The Pilgrim's song : ' Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.' 9. ' Hail, happy day, a day of holy rest.' 10. ' He dies, the Friend of sinners dies.' 11. On the sufferings of Christ : ' Thou soft flowing Kedron.' 12. The Methodist Parting : ' Our souls, by love together knit.' 13. Before sermon : ' In boundless mercy, gracious Lord, appear.' 14. ' All hail the pow'r of Jesu's name ! ' 15 : ' Our Lord is risen from the dead.' 16. ' Vital spark of heavenly flame.' 17. Barren Fig Tree : ' Although the Fig Tree shall not blossom.' 18. ' Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair.' 19. ' Before Jehovah's awful throne.' 20. ' Hail, hail, revive, reviving spring.' 21. ' My God, the spring of all my joys.' 22. ' From all that dwell below the skies.' 23. ' Not all the blood of beasts, on Jewish altars slain.' 24. ' Father, how wide Thy glory shines.' 25. ' Great source from whom all blessings flow.' 26. ' O Thou God of my salvation.' 27. Dismission : ' Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.'

None of these was in the Hymn-book then in use, though three of them (10, 15, and 21) were included in a *Supplement* added in 1803. To many of them a refrain or chorus is added, and in some cases the name of the composer of the music is given. W. E. Miller is responsible for 6, 11, and 12, and possibly for the words of No. 6. Every one of the pieces is in hymn-anthem form except No. 17, the words of which are taken from the third chapter of Habakkuk, set to music by John Beamont.

Three of the anthems (16, 19, and 20) had long been favourites. We have already seen how impressed Wesley was with the music of ' Vital spark,' when he heard it sung by a choir of fifty children at Bolton. ' Before Jehovah's awful throne ' is a striking example of how singularly effective simple yet well-written music can be. Composed by Martin Madan about the middle of the eighteenth century, it is still to be heard in some places, and forms an important link between the past and the present in our Church music.

# The Oldest Religious Periodical in the World

By JOHN BLACKET, South Australia

## III.

## THE MAGAZINE UNDER THOMAS JACKSON

THE old Hebrew chronicler speaks of the 'three mighty men' of David's time. There were three such men in connexion with the literary department of the Methodist Church—Benson, Bunting, and Jackson. It was under protest that Jackson took up the position of Editor. 'It seemed unfair,' said he, 'to require from me the performance of literary duties which men of indubitable scholarship, and of high intellectual ability, had hitherto been selected to fulfil—for such were Mr. Benson and Mr. Bunting.' 'I was aware,' he adds,' that to please all the readers of the *Methodist Magazine* was an impossibility.'

***A Difficult Position.***

The position to Jackson was bristling with difficulties. He doubted whether he could bear, with unruffled equanimity, censure and criticism. Some readers of the periodical would be satisfied with nothing less than elaborate and polished diction; others, with equal tenacity, would demand the most homely and colloquial forms of expression. The Magazine was the official organ of what was now a very large and influential body whose every movement was watched by hostile parties. Anything erroneous in doctrine, or in statement of fact, that might even inadvertently appear in the pages of the Magazine, would bring upon the hapless Editor a clamorous outcry. Jackson could not forget that Methodist preachers especially had tastes that were very diversified. The vote of thanks to the Editor at Conference time was sometimes seized upon as a favourable opportunity for criticism. Thomas Jackson had seen the wise and learned Joseph Benson severely reflected upon in the Conference for articles which he had inserted in the Magazine. He had seen him 'wince' under criticisms which he evidently felt to be unjust as well as unkind. To have twenty thousand people sitting upon him in judgement every month, as well as an array of ministers old and young, was an experience from which Thomas Jackson shrank.

However, like a loyal Methodist preacher he shouldered his burden, encouraged by the promise given to him by the Conference that Jabez Bunting and Richard Watson (two of the

most gifted of the preachers) would afford to him such assistance as their other duties would allow.

***A Valuable Correspondent.***

I must pause to make a further reference to Watson. His intellectual powers were of a high order. The Rev. Robert Hall (I presume the greatest preacher that the Baptist Church has known) once heard Watson preach, and was so wrought upon that he rose from his seat, and said to those around him, 'Is it a man or an angel?' At another time Mr. Hall said that Watson 'soared into regions of thought where no genius but his own could penetrate.' Mr. Watson's 'lofty mind' and his 'soaring imagination' led him 'to present truth in new forms of beauty.' He could charm and delight, impress and subdue, awake and excite to action hearers of various cast of mind and different states of soul. 'His pale face,' said a minister who had been listening to Watson, 'his solemn countenance, his great ideas, and his impressive manner, gave you to feel as if you were listening to a spirit from the other world in a state of incarnation.' I believe that many of the reviews in the early numbers of the Magazine were written by Watson. Mr. Jackson says of Watson that 'he was, beyond comparison, the most valuable correspondent he had.'

Walter Griffith, an able minister in the Methodist Connexion, speaking to Thomas Jackson when he had been appointed Editor, said: 'Were I as well qualified as you are to conduct our periodicals I would take the entire responsibility upon myself. The interference of other men will be sure to involve you in trouble.' The warning was a wise one, as the Editor learned.

For eighteen years Mr. Jackson conducted the Magazine with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the Conference, 'reading,' as he says, 'thinking, writing, day and night; preparing MSS. for the printer, correcting proof sheets, reporting the progress of the gospel at home and abroad, censuring books of bad tendency, commending such as were likely to be of service, repelling the attacks of hostile parties, and expounding the truth in the form of sermons and doctrinal essays.' Under his wise and able control the *Methodist Magazine* attained a literary character such as it never had before. It was reserved for Mr. Jackson to give to the monthly contents of the Magazine 'that workmanlike finish and fitness, with that homogeneous variety, which equally satisfied the demands of taste, the appetite of curiosity, and the claims of demoninational decorum and connexional efficiency.'

***An Anxious and Perplexing Time.***

The position of an Editor is often an anxious, perplexing, and exasperating one. Mr. Jackson did his work well; but there were those who were not satisfied, and sat in judgement upon him. Reviewing his experiences, he said: ' During the eighteen years that I sustained the office of Editor my services were received with unvarying kindness by the Conference, whose servant I was, but by individuals among the preachers I was oftener than once subjected to hostile criticism. The heaviest blow, and greatest discouragement of the kind, came upon me in the year 1832.' The ' Catholic Relief Bill ' had been passed, and Roman Catholics were admitted as members of Parliament and to certain offices of State. The Government provided a scheme of national education somewhat similar to that which obtains in New South Wales to-day. The State was to supply secular knowledge, and the different religious bodies were to give religious instruction. As Protestants and Romanists were not agreed on doctrinal grounds, selections were to be made from the Bible to which neither Protestant nor Romanist could object —*reasonably* object. There was great diversity of opinion over the matter, and no small amount of party strife. The Rev. Richard Watson, in unsigned communications to the *Methodist Magazine,* referred to the Government plan of education as a matter of great moment, showing how it might be turned to good practical account. Watson was right. After the publication of his articles in the Magazine, the Editor went to Liverpool to attend the Conference. Preparatory to the Conference the Book Committee met, and sat in judgement upon the articles and upon the Editor. The new system of education, which was intended to meet the objections of both Protestants and Romanists, was denounced in the strongest terms. It was said that the Editor of the Magazine had betrayed the trust reposed in him.

It was ' lessons *selected* from the Bible ' to which critics took exception. They wanted the whole Bible admitted into the schools. Dr. Adam Clarke affirmed that he would not give up even the tenth chapter of the Book of Nehemiah—a chapter replete with difficult names of Jewish persons—to please Romanists. But the Government felt—and rightly felt—that the admission of selected portions was the wiser and better plan, especially in face of the strained relationships between Protestants and Romanists in Ireland. Mr. Jackson, through Watson's articles, wished to make it evident, and wisely so, that the Government education plan, though it did not admit the

whole Bible, might serve a wise and useful purpose if Protestants, instead of standing aloof from the schools and declaiming against them, would only avail themselves of the provision made.

It was remarkable that the previous Editor of the *Magazine* (Dr. Jabez Bunting) led the attack on Mr. Jackson, yet he himself had favoured the passing of the ' Catholic Relief Bill.'

***The Thanks of the Conference.***

The Editor felt that if the opinions expressed in the Book Committee were generally entertained by members of the Conference he must resign his position. When the Conference was opened, Mr. Jackson stated what had been said in the Book Committee, and handed in his resignation as Editor. This brought up the whole subject. After both sides of the case had been debated, the Conference passed the following resolution: ' The cordial thanks of the Conference are given to our Editor, the Rev. Thomas Jackson, for his faithful and valuable services during the past year, and he is earnestly and affectionately requested to continue his services in that important office.' The resolution was carried without a dissentient voice. Knowing that he had the confidence of his brethren generally, the Editor continued at his post.

A few words relative to Thomas Jackson's early life may be of service and interest. He was born of poor parents at Sancton, a small village amongst the Yorkshire wolds. At eight years of age Jackson was out upon the wolds, minding cattle. Later on he became a young farm servant, ploughing all day and threshing, using a flail as heavy as the one that his older comrade wielded, and being compelled to keep in stroke with him. He was then sent by his father to learn the trade of a carpenter. Later on he joined the Methodist Church. He had natural gifts, and was providentially called upon to conduct a service. The Church became conscious of his gifts, and ultimately he was called into the ministry, and by hard study was qualified to take some of the most important positions that the Methodist Church could offer.

In 1842 Thomas Jackson relinquished the Editor's desk to take the position of theological tutor at Richmond College, passing away in his ninetieth year. As Editor he rendered valuable service by the labour he bestowed not only to sustain the periodical literature of the Church but to secure accurate and complete editions of Methodist standard authors. On two occasions he was chosen President of the Conference.

# The Question of Appearance

## 'DON'T BE A SLAVE TO WHAT PEOPLE THINK'

By GABRIELLE GARTH

A WOMAN who is at heart a Christian still has to consider things worldly. She is in the world, and her work lies there. It is a duty to make the best of her home and of herself, according to the means she has. The mistake some women make is that they enter into a kind of competition with neighbours, and suffer from both false pride and false shame. False pride sometimes causes a good woman to ' put up a show ' beyond her husband's income, and so rob the home of comforts.

It is far more important that the family should be well fed than that the stair carpets should be renewed because they are shabby. Yet I know that a good Christian woman can feel acutely that her shabby home is criticized by her neighbours. To such a woman I would say, ' *Don't be a slave to what people think.*' Have that kind of pride which is not ashamed of ' a good honest patch.' We do not need carpets that have shown no record of feet and of years. We do not need garments which proclaim recent purchase. We do not need ' to be in the fashion.' We *do need* to be warmly-clad in winter and to be neat and tidy all the year round.

***The Sense of Values.***

A woman, herself the wife of an earl, once said to me, ' The secret of getting the best out of life is to " travel light." ' She told that during the war she and her husband, who had dispensed with their servants patriotically, lived in a corner of their historic castle, ' doing all for themselves.' She affirmed that never had they been so happy. She told me details of their cooking and cleaning, and declared that for the first time they had ' possessed their souls.' Since that time she has written me that she and her husband are once more ' in bondage.' They have once more their retinue of servants, and entertain as of old. But the countess has a true sense of values.

Now, a really good woman often lacks a sense of values. She not infrequently ' wastes her substance on what is not bread.' A very laudable motive is often at the bottom of her attitude. To ' keep up appearances ' is often a dynamic towards industry. Industry is not only good for body and mind; it is a cuirasse against many evils. A really industrious woman has no time for

idle gossip, for instance. In idle gossip, almost always some person's reputation suffers; and for every idle word we shall one day have to account.

A really industrious woman is not subject to that devastating obsession 'low spirits,' which is not only a misery to herself, but to every one in her household.

A really industrious woman has no time *'to be ill.'* This may sound ridiculous, but introspection is the cause of endless purely imaginary illnesses, which seem very real indeed to the victim of self-analysis. I myself knew a woman who was always a semi-invalid till her husband lost his wealth, and she had of necessity to do lots of physical work. Work made a strong and happy woman of her.

But 'keeping up appearances' has also its dangers. It has unwittingly led many a well-meaning woman to incur debts without any certainty of paying them. More often than not these debts are not incurred for herself personally. She will renovate her old clothes and buy little enough for herself, but she does like to turn her little daughters out well. She does like her house to look nice. This is so natural, so very human. But to incur a weight of debts to achieve this can only result in unhappinesss.

And what of her husband? If a woman thinks for a moment, she will realize that her 'keeping up appearances' beyond her income is hanging a millstone about his neck. It is quite astonishing the number of things we can quite well do without. We *can* 'travel light,' and without suffering any loss of dignity.

***Needs and Desires.***

The great thing is to differentiate between actual *needs* and *desires.* Once I had occasion to visit the cottage of a very poor widow who earned her living by carrying fish round in a basket. This cottage was so extraordinarily neat and clean, that I could not help remarking upon it to the woman. She looked up with a bright smile, saying, 'Well, now, ma'am, soap and water and "elbow-grease" don't cost nothing to speak of, do they?'

But I thought of the spirit behind it all. This woman did care about 'keeping up appearances.' It took the form of cleanliness. This was a working woman; but I would hint to her sisters of the middle class that cleanliness and tidiness and keeping out of debt can cover a multitude of shabby carpets and last year's hats!—if these be accounted sins against 'keeping up appearances.'

'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' is a saying well worth

thinking over. No one wants poverty, but still less are riches to be desired. No one in this world ever got happiness through riches. Happiness cannot be bought. It is internal, not external. Riches contribute only to the external. They are a ' hot-bed ' on which grow self-indulgence, indolence, and many more ill-weeds, unless by the grace of God they are well used for the benefit of the less fortunate.

One man I know who has accumulated riches, and who reserves for himself only a small income: *all the rest goes in charity.* He and his wife give more than money, they give *themselves* to the poor. His wife works among the poor of the East End of London. He is always helping lame dogs over stiles.

***The Larger Outlook.***

The larger outlook on life is what is needed, and a woman who, quite rightly, wants ' to keep up appearances,' should very carefully consider whether she is spending her energies for ' what is not bread.' She must not carry too far her anxiety to appear well in the eyes of her neighbours. This is a snare and a delusion. If she succeeds in making a home, albeit shabby, a place where her husband and children find a haven of rest and of happiness—a place they would rather be in than any place on earth—she has done more, infinitely more, than by successfully competing with neighbours in clothes, curtains, and the like.

It is well for a woman who would make a home that is Home with a big ' H ' to attach importance to the things that really matter, not those which are an artificial veneer.

The atmosphere of integrity, of cheerfulness, of honest work, of gratitude to God, which a good woman can create in the home, will be to her family a far greater heritage than a fortune in money. Appearances are not realities. Realities alone matter.

With all this, yet a woman is justified in making the best she can conscienciously of her home as to its appearance. To tolerate slovenliness and a ' what does it matter? ' attitude, where means are small, is a grave mistake.

A woman should make the best she can according to her means of that shrine, her home. It should be a cheery spot, even though its furnishings be printed cotton, and not silk.

Cheery surroundings help to keep up the heart. But a woman's own cheerfulness and courage do more ' to keep up appearances ' than gay furnishings, even to the outside world.

*Next month—'The Art of Knowing when you are Well Off.'*

# Book Chat

PUBLICATIONS OF THE EPWORTH PRESS

***'Christianity and Spiritualism.'***

SINCE the war the claims of Spiritualism have been engaging the attention of all thoughtful men. The nearness of the unseen world is recognized, and there are occasions when the veil is drawn aside. In the words of the well-known critic, Benedetto Croce, even 'living history is contemporary history—dead annals freshly reinterpreted into present thought.' In days when many would base their assurance of Immortality upon sensible perception, the author (Arthur B. Bateman) renders good service in reminding us that 'unless there is a responsive awareness to the presence of God within the soul now, an incubation of this idea in a world of change, we shall never come to its consummation in the hereafter.'

His answer to the claims of leading Spiritualists, such as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, that men no longer believe in God or the Bible is complete and convincing. Even supposing the hypothesis was valid, 'the Christian religion does not base its appeal for the suffrages of mankind on any spectacular demonstrations of the miraculous, but on love to God and to one's fellow man.' It makes demands upon human conduct which can be met only if we walk closely with Him.

The volume shows very clearly the ill-effects of excessive emotion, which not only reacts with grave results upon those who indulge it, but also unfits them for the noble task of redressing human wrongs. It was never intended we should spend our days weeping over imaginary sorrows while men and women all around us are crying out in their distress. The gratification of morbid curiosity, far from being an incentive to noble living, is egotism of a peculiarly repellent nature.

Mr. Bateman also deals with the vexed question, 'Do the Dead Speak?' and the book closes with a chapter on 'The Communion of Saints.' His estimates are quite free from any preconceived notions, and the book is an attempt to express the content of the Spiritualist school and the relation of their claims to Christianity. (Price 2*s.* net. Paper cover, 1*s.* net.)

***The Drunkard's Friend.***

To all those interested in temperance work the name of Mrs. Lewis will be remembered with affection and regard. Her Mission at Lees Hall, Blackburn, was one of the most successful

Missions ever conducted by a woman. In the words of the President of the National British Women's Total Abstinence Union, this noble lady ' asked great things from God, expected them, and received them.' Strength given in times of desolation is not easily forgotten, and there are countless thousands who owe to Mrs. Lewis the first ray of kindly light that pierced the gloom of their lives.

Although the book is intended to be the life-story of a devoted Christian woman, it is really an appeal to a higher life, which is the best of all appeals. The wonderful account of reclamation among men and women who had made shipwreck of their lives through drink is calculated to arouse the most indifferent from their apathy.

Mr. Moss, the author, gives intimate touches which make the book a delight to read. Especially interesting is the account of the Royal visit to Blackburn in July 1913. There was much speculation as to who would be presented to their Majesties, and when the list was found to contain the name of Mrs. Thomas Lewis, ' leading and devoted Temperance worker,' there was general satisfaction. (Price 3*s.* 6*d.* net. Obtainable from the author at Lees Hall, Blackburn.)

***A Cheering Book.***

*The Cult of Keeping Afloat,* by C. J. Cumberworth, B.A., D.Litt., is the author's thoughts on a variety of subjects, expressed in crisp, epigrammatic style. When the claims of life become almost overbearing, this book offers counsel which will enable the weary soul to take fresh courage. A current of buoyant optimism runs through the pages. When we seem to have broken away from our moorings through the pressure of events, Mr. Cumberworth shows us that by the exercise of resolution we need not sink.

To those with a disciplined imagination romance is to be found in the most unexpected places. The tingling hits of good-natured fun and kindly satire give a seasoning to life, for in the soul of humour there is always concealed a truth. As the reader travels through this book he will find that truest wisdom may be blended with brightest wit. When his mental vision is obscured by doubts, misgivings, and fears as to what the future holds in store, he will find help here to keep that calm and balanced outlook on life which is essential if he is to develop a full-orbed personality.

In effect, Mr. Cumberworth has given us a fine appeal to the

higher Christian life. It is quite evidently the result of serious thought. Wealthy in suggestion, we especially recommend the book to the young, who would be well advised to reflect on the experiences of life which it contains. (2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

***Paul and the Virgin Birth.***

The question as to whether Paul did or did not know of the Virgin Birth has long occupied the thoughts of Christian thinkers, for the silence of the Apostle to the Gentiles and other New Testament writers concerning it is at least perplexing. The importance of the subject is apparent from many viewpoints, as for instance, the reliability of the Gospels in which the narratives are found. Biblical scholars have focused their attention upon it, and deniers have raised objections on various grounds. Bishop Cooke has therefore done real service in examining afresh the question of the historicity of the birth of our Lord affirmed in the Apostles' Creed. In a spirit of impartial criticism he weighs the evidence contained in the literature of the subject, not forgetting those truths which are incapable of demonstration ' by the apparatus employed on mathematical or material facts.' His reasoning is logical and pertinent, and on occasion he makes effective use of epigram, as when he says, ' History cannot be verified, since to verify is to repeat, which history never does.'

There is an easy mastery of materials, a keen intuition into the inner meaning of the Gospels, and a thorough survey of the position, as a result of which the author arrives at the conclusion that the question to be decided is, did Paul know that such was the belief of the church in Jerusalem? Those who are halting between two opinions will be greatly helped by reading this book, *Did Paul Know of the Virgin Birth?* which declares there is not ' the faintest reason ' to question the virgin birth of our Lord. (5*s.* net.)

***' England's Book of Praise.'***

The value of music to dispel melancholy is a well-known fact. All through the years men have put on the spirit of praise for the garment of heaviness. The chorus is swelled by each succeeding age, and so the mantle has passed from one bard to another down the centuries. The great Hymn-Book of the Jewish Church known to us as the Psalter is firmly entrenched in the love and affection of thousands of Christians. As the author of this book says in his introduction, ' it has inspired all the great hymn-writers, and has set a standard by which they have measured their own contributions to the Book of Praise.' So the

river of song flows on, ever taking unto itself fresh tributaries of thanksgiving.

In *England's Book of Praise,* Mr. Telford has given us a most interesting account of the great part played by hymn-singing in the Evangelical Revival of the eighteenth century. In addition, Luther availed himself freely of the wonderful power of music, and his hymns gave a definite congregational character to Protestant worship. The hymns of Charles Wesley know nothing of that unstable mentality which Cowper described as a ' pleasing romantic melancholy.' As Abel Stevens says, his hymns ' march at times like lengthened processions with solemn grandeur; they sweep at other times like chariots of fire through the heavens.' This volume is sure to have many enthusiastic readers. The heritage of noble religious verse, which is the proud possession of our race, is brought home to the reader, and the author renders good service in reminding his hearers of the inheritance into which they have entered. The Christian spirit runs throughout, and it will be a delight to read. It deserves the popularity which we believe it will have. (2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

***A Nonogenarian's Memories.***

To light the lamp of memory, and by the aid of its kindly illumination live over again the days that are past, has ever been popular with mankind. The greater the number of milestones the more wistful is the longing with which we recall old friends and old scenes.

Missionaries especially have a splendid opportunity to furnish their minds with pictures that will open the door to a land of beauty and content, thereby enriching both themselves and those with whom they share their experience. The subject of this memoir, appropriately called *A Nonogenarian's Experiences and Observations,* has travelled much. Blessed with a retentive memory and a receptive mind, the account of Mr. S. H. Stott's missionary labours in Ceylon and Natal makes interesting reading. The difficulties with which missionaries have to contend are brought out in a striking way, a fact which gives additional emphasis to the triumphs of the gospel.

In addition to those intimate touches, which are so necessary if an autobiography is to grip, the author imparts a good deal of information about the customs of the countries in which he worked. His observations are shrewd, and altogether the book is a luminous contribution to missionary literature. (Issued for private circulation.)

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